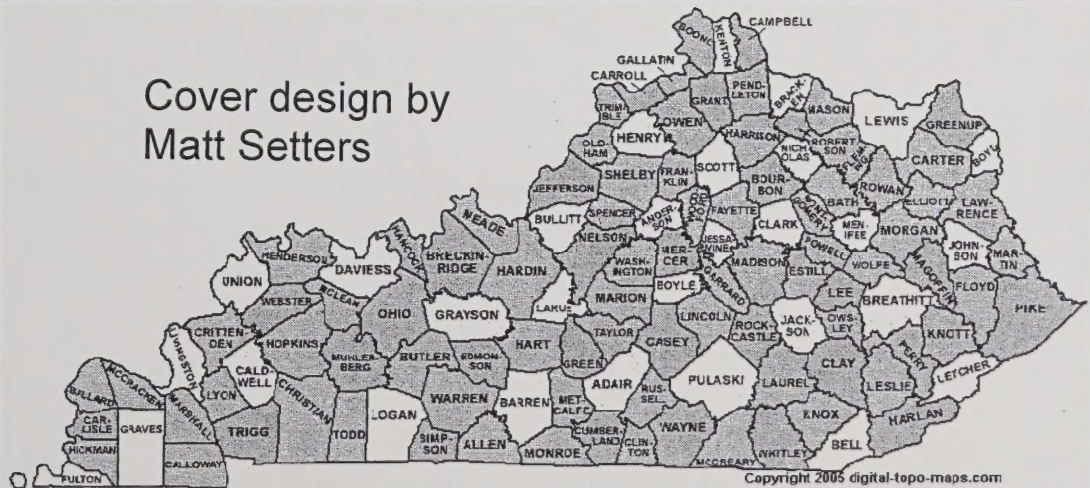
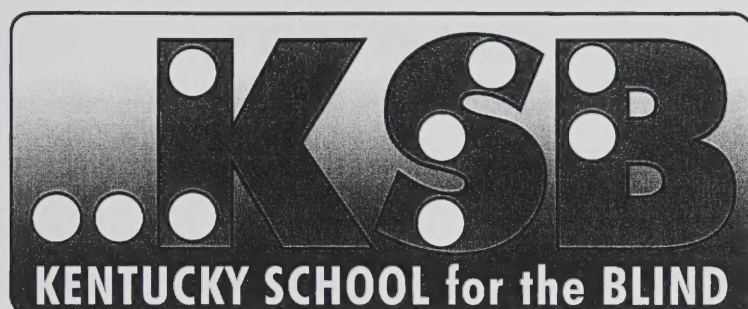


K.S.B

THE KENTUCKY COLONEL!

Cover design by
Matt Setters






The Kentucky Colonel 2006-2007

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FOREWARD

It is my hope that you will enjoy reading this collection of writings from students attending the Kentucky School for the Blind during the 2006-2007 school year. Many students have given you a peek into their inner souls, related meaningful experiences, or in some cases, shared insights into humanity that will give you food for thought. Their wisdom and insightfulness will hopefully help them to become "colonels" for Kentucky. Thank you for this opportunity to put this together.

Darlene Middleton,
Programs Coordinator

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The Missing President

By: James Lewis--Grade 6

One night when 11-year-old detective James Lewis was playing a video game on his PlayStation 2 with his little sister, Rose, his mom turned the TV on and James heard her turn to the news station. While he played the game, he heard a story on the news that said that the President was missing, that he had been missing ever since that morning, and that nobody knows where he was. James decided to do some investigating. It was summer break, and he was hoping to find something else to do besides playing video games with his sister, because she always messed him up when he was doing good. At supper, he asked Mom, "Can I do some investigating to find out where the President is?" Mom said, "Why? I thought you wanted to play games with Rose."

"Well, I always start out playing good, but then when I'm doing real good, Rose messes me up! It gets sucky after a while." So he told Rose to get out of his room, and then he sat down on his bed to think. How could the President get missing? It was like him getting on the All A Honor Roll list: almost impossible. The President should know his ways around, the detective thought. Then he thought that someone might have gotten him lost.

But he couldn't think why, right now, anyway. Just then, his mind immediately jumped to Jonathon, Bradley, and Bobby. They were already like three partners in crime. Had they already started doing crimes? It didn't seem likely, but there was a probability. He knew that they talked about him a lot, but he didn't know if they knew how to get to him.

So he got his jacket on, and permission from his mom, then walked over to Jonathon's house. Jonathon had moved to James's town. He wasn't very far either, just across the street and behind the Food Giant. When he got there, Bobby, Bradley, and Jonathon were there. They seemed to be wrestling each other, or so it seemed. There was much more yelling then was usual for them, even though they were loud anyway. Kyle Givens was there, too. Kyle had moved to his town, too.

James knocked on the door. "Come in," said Jonathon's mom's voice from the living room. Just then, he saw a pen lying on the doormat. He picked it up. As he looked at it, he saw that it had the President's name on it. He asked Jonathon's mom, "Where did you find this pen?" She said, "I heard someone drop it right before Bradley, Bobby, and Jonathon walked in."

"Can I see them? They are making a lot of racket."

Just then, James saw a tie on the floor. Even from a distance, he could see the President's name on it. "It looks like this pen and that tie are connected," James said. "What tie? I don't see a tie."

"That tie," James said, pointing. "Oh, I didn't see that tie before."

"Anyway, I said earlier I wanted to see Jonathon, Bradley, and Bobby."

"O.K.," Jonathon's mom said.

But when he got to Jonathon's room, everybody was quiet. However, Bradley seemed to look happier than usual. That made James even more suspicious. He decided to try to get everybody to talk because he wasn't ever going to get anywhere like this. "Has anyone seen this pen and this tie," he asked, holding up the pen and the tie. Everybody except Kyle said, "Uh..." So he got out his notebook and put in it:

- Suspect 1; Jonathon
- Suspect 2; Bradley
- Suspect 3; Bobby

Then he put up his notebook and left with the pen and the tie.

Knowing that he had at least gotten somewhere in Jonathon's house, he decided to ask around the neighborhood if they had seen the President. First, he went to see Ms. Weston, Ms.

Backer, and Amelia. Ms. Backer and Ms. Weston were taking care of Amelia while her parents were out. They all said, "No."

"Well then, if you haven't seen him..." James started. But then his cell phone rang. It was his mom. He had to get home for dinner. "Darn it! Oh well, see you later."

The next morning when he woke up, he saw a box at the edge of his bed. It was a big box, too. When he asked Mom what was in the box, she simply told him, "It's a surprise."

"That's a boring answer," (he thought).

While he ate breakfast, he kept asking Mom about what was in the box. But she just kept saying, "It's a surprise." Finally, he got her so annoyed, she said, "Shut up! I told you it was a surprise gazillions of times already!"

"Well, at least that's a different answer than the one you have been giving me for the last about, uh... ten minutes."

Then finally, after supper, Mom let him open the box. The stuff inside of it was really, really cool! It was a bunch of that stuff you see a detective like Sherlock Holmes uses when they have a case. There was stuff like magnifiers and detective clothes and a whole bunch of other stuff that a detective might use. There was also a book

in the box that told about how to be a good detective. Now he could search for clues and probably find out where the President was! "I thought you would need this when you do your detective stuff," Mom said. When James had emptied the box, Mom put it up.



He had already found two clues: the pen and the tie, and they were outside Jonathon's house. And Bradley sure made him suspicious. However, he still thought Jonathon might have taken the President. He still didn't have enough clues to figure that out, though. However, he thought that he was getting close.

Then, on the day right before school, he saw Kyle being chased by Bradley, Bobby, and Jonathon. They seemed to be mad at him for some reason. James followed them. On the way, he ran by Ms. Backer, Ms. Weston, and Amelia. They were startled to see all five of them running down the sidewalk at the same time. Bradley had almost knocked Ms. Backer over and James could have sworn that he had seen Bobby hit Ms. Weston right out of the way. They ran and ran until they came to Kyle's house.

Then Jonathon, Bobby, and Bradley ran in. Kyle looked shocked. Then there was some yelling and screaming and the sounds of things being

thrown all over the place. Then someone must have rammed somebody or something else against the door, because a second later he heard a loud scream and the door fell down. Kyle screamed and ran. Then Bradley, Jonathon, and Bobby ran out of the house, and they were chasing a man that could only have been the President. James knew because he had seen his picture in the newspaper once. James ran after the four. There was only one way for the president to escape. James got up behind Bobby and stuck his foot out in front of him. Bobby tripped, hitting Jonathon in the back of the head. Jonathon tripped and just barely tapped Bradley, but Bradley must have been really startled, because he tripped on his shoelace, which had come untied, and fell face-first onto the sidewalk. The President and James kept on running until they were far away from Bobby, Bradley, and Jonathon, who were now going back and shaking their fists at them.

Then the President said, "Those three were trying to kidnap me! There I was, walking to the store to buy some food, and then that kid with the white hair-- "Bradley", James corrected. "Right. Him. Well, he grabbed me and took me to that other kid's house." James corrected, "Jonathon's house."

"Yeah. Right. His house. Well, anyway, that other kid--"

"Bobby or Kyle?" James asked. "That kid in the yellow shirt."

"Kyle," James said. "Yeah. Well, those others accidentally let it slip that I was there. So that Kyle person was pretty ticked off. I knew because he argued with those others a lot. Then he went into the house and grabbed me, after a few hours from their fight. It was a good time to get me, too. They weren't anywhere in sight. He got me into his house without them noticing, too. Then they saw that I was gone and they probably got mad. I think you saw them and Kyle running after me."

"Yes, I did. They looked pretty mad."

"What should we do to them?"

"We could tell Mr. Roberts."

"Who's that?"

"That's the principal at my school. We could tell on them and they could get expelled or something."

"You think a principal can handle this? We are talking about the President. Call the police, if you ask me."

"OK, I will."

That evening, James used Mom's cell phone to call the police. The police came and he told them where Jonathon lived. He also told them that Bradley and Bobby might be there too. A few minutes later at Jonathon's house, James saw Jonathon, Bradley, and Bobby being handcuffed and led out to a police car. Then the police drove away and James was left alone.

Then the time had come for the first day of the dorm. Mom had packed James's clothes neatly, and as he rode on the bus, he wondered where Jonathon, Bobby, and Bradley were.

The next morning, when the dorm went to school with everybody else, Damon said, "I haven't seen Bobby, Bradley, or Jonathon since last summer. I wonder where they are."

"It's a surprise," James said in a mysterious tone. Then, when 4th period came, James walked into Mr. Azer's class. Mr. Azer wasn't there. "Uh oh," James said, "Not again..."

Meanwhile, the President was driving back to the White House. He had had enough for one summer. Bobby, Bradley, and Jonathon had hid him in Jonathon's house most of the summer, after all. Just then, a police car came speeding up the road behind him. He got out of the way just in time. Then he saw a second police car chasing the first one. The first car skidded and wrecked into

another car that was going the opposite way. When he drove up to the car, he saw that Bradley, Bobby, and Jonathon were in it. He laughed. "Not only are you three bad at kidnapping," he called over to them, "You are lousy drivers!"



The Ocean Shore

By: Bradley Horton—Grade 7

As I walked through the hot, soft sand,
I saw a massive blue sea sparkling from the
sunlight.

I felt the cool breeze through my hair.

The calm, cool sea was full of people
Swimming and splashing.

Every now and then, a cool mist sprayed me,
Sand all over my feet, water on the upper half
of my body.

The warm sun beamed on me,
Its power warming my body.

I heard the splashing of waves.

Birds soared over the sea

Kites rising high in the air

Volley balls tossed one to another.

As I stood on the shore, I saw people
Playing games, swimming, building with sand.

I saw a small jelly like creature emerging
from the sand.

The waves of the ocean rose higher,
Waves splashed harder than ever.
The sun slowly fell, leaving an orange glow;
The air began to feel cool.
Out at sea, boats slowly moved through the water.
Lost all thoughts as I sat next to the shore,
No worries,
My sun burn now painless.

People left, and
Everything became quiet.
I stayed; night fell,
Stars gleamed in the dark sky.
I felt cold sand between my toes as I
slowly walked away.

I Am From
By: Brandon Dunn—Grade 8

I am from a place that will not allow quitters.
And a place that never sleeps.
I am from the wrestling room
with the smell of sweat after practice,
of matches and duels.

Winning and losing with pain but, at the end,
accomplishment.

I am from a place where we help each other
and a place that is filled with hard work.
I am from a place of gangs and violence.

I am from a home that is next to a school,
from a place that expects the best of you.
I am from a boot camp with my step dad Scott
and a little piece of heaven from my mom Tammy.

I Am
By: Dalton Novince—Grade 9

I am the blind man in the museum.
I wonder what's behind all this glass.
I hear lots of footsteps,
and tortuous tour guides.
I see something in the faint nothingness
of visual impairment.
I want to have a grip on the situation
for I am the blind man in the museum.

I pretend to have an idea of what
they're looking at but,
I feel isolated, segregated, and humiliated.

I touch everything behind glass
and grab every display.
I worry where we will go next.
I cry when I go home and think about the
museum visit for,
I am the blind man in the museum.

I understand that everything can't be tactual
or accessible.
I say there should be museums that will let you
feel all over every display.
I dream of a museum that lets you touch—
a *Please Touch* museum.
I try to visualize a *Please Touch* museum.
I hope that a please touch museum will exist
in the near future,
for, I am the blind man in the museum.

My Mother and I
By: Steven Bouquet—Grade 10

My mother and I went through a lot of things.
My mother takes me to all of my doctor
appointments. She also had to take me to the
Emergency room once when I was about 9 years
old. My blood level was way too high; it was at
95! (We did not hear this until we got home that

day.) After I got my blood level done, we went to Burger King and ate. While we were eating, my mother looked at my nose which was kind of red. Blood was dripping out of my nose.

About an hour after we got home, my mother received a phone call from the nurse at Kosair and she said, "You better get your child to the emergency room right away."



I ended up staying the night in the hospital for at least three days and it was during the Valentine holiday. On the third day, they passed out some Valentine candy from door to door. I ate some of the candy; then I gave my brother the rest of the candy when we arrived at home that day.

Sometimes after going to my doctor appointments, she takes me to eat at McDonald's or Burger King. Then we take a Tarc to do some shopping at a general store or at a mall like St. Matthew or Jefferson Mall. I've never been to Green Tree Mall. She takes me to different kinds of stores. It's like "shop till she drops" but, instead in half an hour; it's sometimes an hour. I take my time more quickly than she does; I get what I want and get out of the store. All this that my mother does for me shows love, care, and that she always worries about me when I'm away from home.

My Reflection of Him

By: JeRon Pardue—Grade 11

"You're becoming a man." He said. "Next month I'll buy you some trimmers."

In case you're wondering about who he is? Don't worry, that's just my dad. Over the years I've grown up, and started to like him. It was a normal day, just like any other. I was getting ready for school. I'd brushed, washed my face, the usual things you do in the morning. 6:47 was the time I usually went out.

I got to school, and I just knew that it was going to be a pitiful day. Finally, after I got dealing with Mr. Wolfe. For some reason I think he was out to get me. Anyway, as soon as I got through the door, the phone rang. Lately it's been doing that. So I walked over to the phone, picked it up, and then answered it. "Hello?" I said. I recognized his voice. "I'm sorry; I must have the wrong number." He said. So I hung the phone up. Ring, ring, ring the phone rung. Again, "Hello?"

"I got the wrong number again, I'm sorry."

"Who is this?"

"It's Jeffery."

"Is this my daddy?"

"Who is this, J?"

"Yeah, who else do you think it was?"

"I didn't know who it was, at first. You sounded like a grown man!"

"Yeah, right daddy. So, what did you want?"

"To see if you and Dante' wanted to come over."

"You're going to have to wait. Or until Dante' gets home."

"Okay. Call me. As soon as Dante' gets there."

Dante' gets home, and I asked him if he wanted to go down to daddy's house. He'll start crying if he has to go down there. I guess that's how he is. Well, after calling him, I got my things packed; then went down to my daddy's.

My granny is the only one who can tell that something's different about me. Like when I had came over for spring break. Oh my goodness. That lady is crazy. She noticed that I grew about 3 or 4 inches. This is great for me. But, I can't believe that she was the first to notice. Even my mama didn't notice. And I stay with her! Now, getting back to my granny; she seems to keep record of me for some reason. She won't notice that Dante' has a scar on his hand; but can tell I've gotten darker. She was the second person to notice that my voice changed. She kept telling me to say 'granny' over and over again. She said that the

only reason she told me that is because I'd sounded like my daddy. Which I didn't believe until my cousin recorded me on his phone. I swear I just went off. I was saying that he recorded my daddy first, and then told me to speak into his phone.

I still can't believe that I look like him. But now I sound like him too. People say that I look like my mom, and that's okay. But to look like someone who got smacked with a frying pan, no way. I guess it was too harsh to say that. He doesn't look that bad. But he's still ugly. He's always buying the three of us matching outfits. My step mom says that we look like double-mint triplets. It was funny at first, and fun. But then it got embarrassing. People at school started recognizing me on the streets. Especially this girl named Raven. She knew where I lived, and kind of expected I had a crush on her. She was walking with her friends talking and everything. Then one of her friends saw me. Paige didn't think it was me because I didn't have my hair done. So she just yelled my name. I didn't know who she was, so I turned around. But here's the bad thing about it. My daddy was there and shouted: "Hey, which one of you like my son?!" Then they started laughing. I didn't know if it was the clothes I was wearing or because he yelled that.

That just made me want to smack him hard, dead in his face. I was so heated about it. But I didn't hold my grudge too long. After the: 'Embarrassing moment' we all headed back to the house. He kept asking and asking about that girl who yelled out my name. But I kept telling him that I didn't know her. He kept doing that until I finally cracked.

"Who is she?"

"I do not know."

"Come on J, you can tell me."

"No. You need to pay attention to the street."

"Boy. Who do you think you are? Now, come on and tell me."

"Okay. She goes to my school. There."

"J. Tell me everything."

"Okay. I've known her for 2 years."

"And what else?"

"And that's it."

"No, it's not."

"Yes it is."

"Yeah right, J."

"Yeah right my...." I said barely cussing.

"Don't you even think about trying to cuss."

"I wasn't trying to."

"I think you were" he said.

"Ugh!" I said.

"Now when we get home, I want to talk to you."

So after we got home, he wanted me to tell him about those girls who yelled my name. We sat down staring at each other. Then I thought I was going to say something, but I paused in mid air. Then I tried again. But this time I asked him, "Why do you want to know about this?" He says he said that because he was curious about me having a girlfriend. I thought that he would have gotten mad at me, but he didn't. Although, he seemed a little too calm.

After that embarrassing moment, we went to our Cousin Chris' house. I can't believe that he had told everyone that I had a girlfriend! Everyone kept asking me why I didn't tell them. I just said I didn't have a girlfriend. But no one believed me. So that was strike two. I hope I don't get three embarrassing moments in one week. Luckily I didn't. I didn't have another one until the next week. This was going to get hard trying to get through the week, especially after everyone kept asking about my crush.

Death Angel
By: Brett Morton—Grade 12

Death angel,
Come tonight
Your seductive ways have stricken me.
Come kiss me,
For I seek the final kiss,
Which leads to new places.
No matter what awaits
Upon the other side,
Your embrace I shall not deny.
At one time I feared,
Now release is comfort,
Visions are terror
Hearing painful,
The air, corrupt.
Death lies upon us all,
For all things must die,
Come to me tonight,
Lean to kiss,
I shall comply.
Sorrow is closing,
Time has ran out,
Love me for an instant
With cold touch
You shall seduce

Time will merge together
Love and hate combined,
Another victim taken,
With your kiss divine.

Ghost

By: Kyle Givens—Grade 6



One night when I was asleep I heard a strange sound coming from the basement. My cats and my dog followed me as I got out of bed, looked downstairs, and saw a big, scary **ghost**. The ghost looked like it was coming to get me. So I closed the door, ran to my room and hid under my bed. Then I yelled, "Help," and my mom came into the room to see what was wrong. "Mom there is a ghost downstairs."

"There are no ghosts down there at all Kyle."

"I saw the ghost; it was real mom."

"Go back to bed Kyle."

The next day, I told all my friends about the ghost, but they did not believe me. I told them my dog and my cats saw the ghost.

"It seems that we have a mystery on our hands my friend," Brandon told us. "Where did you see this ghost, Kyle?"

"In my basement last night, Brendan. Why?"

"Because I can help you find out who this ghost is. Think where you saw this ghost, ok Brendan."

"Down here in the basement. Right here the ghost said, 'Get out of the house now'."

"What time was it when you saw the ghost?" Brendan asked. "It was midnight, ghosts do come out at night. But why does this ghost haunt this house I don't know at all. I will ask him next time I see the ghost, if I don't faint when I see. I will see you tomorrow, Brendan."

"I will bring my dad too," Brendan replied. "He is a detective and his name is Sam. We can be his helpers to solve this mystery of the haunted basement."

Brendan came over around noon, but his dad was not with him. I asked, "Where is your Dad, Brendan?"

"I am sorry Kyle, but my dad had to work today so we'll have to be the detectives."

Midnight came and I did not see the ghost, but I heard a weird noise, so we will be the detectives.

"Kyle do you know any one besides you that saw the ghost?"

"No, sorry Brendan, I do not know any one that saw the ghost but maybe my cats and dog."

"Any humans that saw the ghost?" Brendan asked. "No, just me."

"Can you describe the ghost at all, Kyle?"

"Big, dark, and scary," I exclaimed. "Ok, we will stay up all night to catch the ghost."

"How can you catch a ghost?"

"I don't know at all Kyle."

"It will be hard, but I think I know how to catch the ghost. We will need a jar and a vacuum to catch the ghost Brendan," Kyle explained.

Time went by as we put the trap together for the ghost. Midnight came and we heard a mysterious sound. "It's the ghost!" Brandon cried. "Get the ghost trap!"

"I have the trap, Brendan!" I bellowed. "Wait, it's not a ghost. It's just a shirt that you saw. There's a crack in the window. The wind blew through the crack and must of made the weird noise you heard and also made the shirt move like a ghost. The light bulb is flickering because it's about to burn out. Not because a ghost was near it."

"Let's get back to bed before my mom gets up and gets mad at us," I whispered. So **ghost**, do not exist at all who can tell.

Painful Moments

By: Bobby Townsend—Grade 7

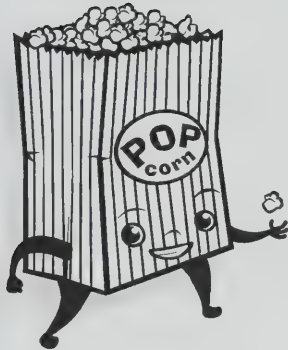
I wanted to go to the basement
Mother wouldn't let me;
So I went anyway
I paid the price.
I walked down the steps
Content and enthusiastic,
Until my sister locked the basement door.
I ran up the stairs,
Tugged on the doorknob
Yelled frantically "Let me out!"
She opened the door
I fell back,
Rolled down the steps like a slinky
My head bouncing on every step.
Falling too fast to grab the banister,
I hit the concrete floor
Bouncing my head off a concrete pole.
It felt like a train ran over my body.
I fell to the ground, motionless, seeing stars
twinkling, unconscious!
I awoke to unbearable pain.
My sister sobbed from guilt.

I was dragged up the stairs,
Laid on the couch,
A frozen steak placed on my swelling head.
The fresh smell of blood as it dripped
down my face,
The thick sweet taste of blood.
The frozen steak relaxing, but frigid.
My parents called the police,
An ambulance was sent.
Sirens screaming,
the ambulance pulled in the
driveway.
A yellow-uniformed paramedic
asked questions about the situation.
Mom tearfully explained.
The man nodded and asked if an ambulance ride
was necessary.
I politely refused.
The next day a visit to the doctor showed
that I was okay.
Just a small dent in my head,
Like the dent in a car door.
My back ached too,
Like someone had hit me with a sledge hammer.
Pain relieving pills and a nap.
Once I awoke, my sister apologized a million times
Making my head feel worse.



Falling down the stairs happened again,
This time at school.
Painful moments,
I hope these were the last.

I Am From
By: Annie Johnson—Grade 8



I am from Erlanger and the dorm
where I live with several people.
I am from the smell of butter
popcorn like the theater, and the
smell of chocolate brownies that
smells like heaven.

I am from babies crying from my mom's daycare.
I am from the noise of music,
and a keyboard that I hear everyday.
I am from a blanket that makes me feel safe.
I am from a teddy bear that
my best friend gave me.
I am from the taste of creamy chocolate fudge
that melts in my mouth.
I am from a hiding place that has a bed
that I sleep in every night.

Short Course at Kentucky School for the Blind

By: Jessica Vaughn—Grade 9

(Short Course Student)

Have you ever just felt like leaving your school and getting away for a while without having all your work missing? It's really great being able to go to a different school for a few weeks to just be with different people and do different things. Well, that is how Short Course is for me.

I go to South Laurel High School, but during swim season, I go to Kentucky School for the Blind for about six weeks, but I still do my work from my home school. I also have classes with people who go to school full-time at KSB.

This is how I keep from getting behind in my classes while I go to a different school. My teachers mail me the work I need to do, and I do it and send it back to them, and then I go to about two classes during the day with other kids that are not in Short Course and do some work in those classes as well. So, I get away from all of the South High drama and go to KSB to see different people and have different things going on.

I feel as if I'm two different people at KSB than at South High because at South, I'm not active, and I just go home and I don't talk much at school. There aren't that many people who talk to

me during the day, and it's really crowded. I can barely walk through the hallway. At KSB, I'm active in sports, and I'm the life of the party.

It's good to just go away from being who you are in a public school and get to be your true self somewhere else. Going to Short Course helps me do different things that I wouldn't normally do. Especially, considering I'm in a totally different town than where I live, and everything is different.

At public school, I sit by myself every single day, and I don't do any sports what-so-ever. At KSB, I sit with a lot of people; we have the whole table filled with people, and I'm involved in two different sports there: swimming and goalball. Just getting away from public school and stuff that goes on everyday that isn't fun in the first place, and going somewhere that is fun is the greatest thing ever. I guess you could say, going to Short Course gives me the best of both worlds.



Guitar

By: Aaron Linson—Grade 10

I don't know why but there is something about the guitar that I like. I guess why I am so attracted to the guitar is because I love to sing and write songs on it. I have written so many

songs that I can't decide which the good songs are and which the bad are. I write when I am bored, happy, sad, or just don't have anything to do.

When I don't have anything to do I just sit down with my guitar and sing whatever comes out of my head. Sometimes it can just be a hum or I will get inspired and just sing nothing in particular. Sometimes I will just play and try to think of something.

Writing is an art some people have and some people don't. Unfortunately people who don't have it have to work to get it. Basically if you don't develop your song craft then you will lose it. Reading the newspaper and internet articles are a good way to get started. When I was just starting out I read the newspaper and articles then highlighted the lines that caught my attention. I am still doing this because I found out that this is the best way for me to get my ideas. I get a lot of my ideas from God.

Sometimes I will just be sitting somewhere or talking to somebody and an idea will suddenly appear. The problem is that I don't write the ideas that I get down. (Everybody should write ideas down.) I would suggest getting a small notebook and keeping it with you to write all the ideas down that you get and also keep a small recorder with you so that you can "sing" your ideas to yourself.

Then you can go back to your ideas and decide which ones you like and which ones you don't. DO NOT automatically think that just because you don't like a particular idea, it doesn't mean that someone else will do the same. I should really follow my own advice, but I don't. I will have to someday.

I like writing in song because it helps me in expressing my feelings in a way that I understand. Songs that move me are the ones I understand because sometimes I have gone through the times that they talk about or I just like the sound of how the music flows.

Lost in Life's Dream
By: Andy Dockery—Grade 11



The only thing that comes to a sleeping man
is dreams,
Dream like you'll live forever,
Live like you'll die tomorrow,
That's what they've said,
But I say, life *is* a dream,
Some live their lives
And have yet to wake up,
Sleep walkin' through the world,
Dreamin' bout life,

One day soon, a wake up call, will come to us all,
But on this day, what will we see,
We may discover that the lives we've lived,
All this time, we were bent and broken,
Some mangled, beaten, and twisted within,
Left with just the pieces, the pieces of us,
Like putting the puzzle back together
Without seeing the whole picture,
But there *is* a beauty behind all this,
That is, that we're not restricted to one thing,
We all see a different picture,
And thus, we can become whatever it is we want,
To dream as big as we want,
But, there *is* a dark in this light,
That is waking up, waking up to live it, to do it,
That is life's dream, living whatever it is
you want it to be,
But, still, life is a dream,
Life, happiness, love, all good things, are dreams,
This is because they always end,
Remember what they've said,
And what I say,
Don't just dream about life,
Wake up, and live it...

Going Under By: Andy Davis—Grade 12

"In Memory of all the Miners of the United States of America constantly staring death in the face just so we can have light, heat, cool, and luxury."



Depth that never ends
Darkness that goes beyond
Sulfur smoldering from explosions
Black chunks of rock being moved out of the hole
Men coming out with black faces,
picks, and shovels
Great machines roaring their way
out of the depth of darkness

Now, I go to inspect this gigantic hole in the earth
that descends for hundreds of feet under its face,
Slowly making my way down.

Finding large quantities of rock and rubble lying
near the walls

With the cold chill of fear trickling down my spine,
I walk still further down into the black abyss, this
black hole of curiosity and amazement.

Trudging, I see the stones holding this tunnel of
despair, a hairline from collapsing,
I reach the end and smell the scent so wretched of

sulfur; I choke on the air I breathe.
Panicking, I run back for the light and the fresh
crisp air, fatigue is setting in on my body,
feeling smothered, thinking I will not make it,
On my knees, trudging and hoping someone
will discover me

On all fours trying to make it through,
sweat dripping from my brow
I hope and pray to see my family and friends.
Praying to God to let me live for just one more day
to get away from this certain suffering and death.

Now, lying face first on the ground,
I see my life coming to an end...
Gases entering into my blood stream
I feel the slow cold rush of death brush
against me, Feeling the oxygen being pulled
from my lungs,
I feel the gases slowly taking over my internal
organs, feeling a burning sensation
throughout my body.
Life slowly fading away,
I feel as if I am slipping away.

Body relaxed, I give up the struggle for life,
knowing I will never see the light of day again.
Limply and loosely, I draw my last breath
and release it with ease.

Coty is Missing

By: Jonathon McCarty—Grade 6

Mrs. Bell went back to pick her son Coty up at 3 o'clock but he wasn't there waiting for her like he usually did. Maybe he was still inside, she thought, and got out of the car. She looked in the building, but he wasn't anywhere in sight. She checked back outside, Coty wasn't out there either. Mrs. Bell checked in the office but no one knew where he was. She was starting to get worried. She called home and her husband answered the phone, "Hello."

"Bob, is Coty there?" Mrs. Bell asked. "No, I thought you were picking him up," he replied.

"Well, I was, but he's not here."

"What do you mean, he's not there?"

"He's not at school! I don't think he would take the bus. He didn't have any money. So where is he?"

"I don't know. I'm going to call Detective Jonathon McCarty."

Mr. Bell hung up from talking to Mrs. Bell and dialed my number. He told me what the problem was; Coty, their son was missing. I asked Mr. Bell, "Where was Coty the last time you saw him?"

"At school," he answered. "I'll go to the school," I told him and hung up the phone.

When I got there I saw that the school was almost deserted. I started looking for Coty's mom but I didn't see her. I looked in the office and saw her sitting there. "Hello," I said. "Does Coty have anybody he doesn't like?"

"Yes, Mr. Roberts on the third floor."

"All right, that's where I'm going," I replied. I knocked on the door of room 32I and waited. No answer, I knocked again. No answer. So I tried the door knob, it was unlocked. I entered. The lights were out; it was totally dark. I flipped on the lights and looked for clues. The place was spotless. I exited the room. I would come back later.

At the office I told Mrs. Bell that there was nothing up in the classroom. I asked her if I could go to her house and see if there were any clues there. But then *I got an idea. "Mrs. Bell is there anyone in the neighborhood who doesn't like Coty?" "Yes, Mrs. Brown our next door neighbor," she replied. Coty keeps riding over her lawn on his bike. Why?"

"Because I think we just found suspect Number 2."

While I was driving to Mrs. Bell's, I thought who on earth would want to steal her son? When we got to Mrs. Bell's house I drove into Mrs. Brown's driveway next door. I knocked and the door opened. "Are you Mrs. Brown?" I asked. "Yes, why?" The woman was nervous; I could tell by the way she kept glancing to the hall. "Mind if I come in?"

"Yes," she said very quickly. "Okay, goodbye." I walked back to my car.

Then I saw something that caught my eye—muddy footprints on the driveway. They were small just like a kid size like Coty's. I followed them. They led to Mrs. Brown's car. Very weird, I thought.

I walked back up to Mrs. Brown's door and asked her if she could tell me what kind of flower was growing by the side of her house. I wanted to trick her so I could see if her feet matched the footprints on the driveway. She agreed to come and we walked on the driveway to the side of her house to the flower. I noticed that her feet were much too big to be the footprints on the drive. She told me the flower was a lily. "Thank you for telling me the name of the flower. I have to go next door now," I said.

I knocked on the door of the Bell's house and asked if I could see Coty's room. They said yes

and I walked up the stairs into the bedroom. I checked his room for nearly an hour. Then in the bottom drawer of his desk there was a note. It was small and read, "no one messes with me, Coty, no one." It wasn't in Coty's handwriting. I went downstairs and showed it to Mrs. Bell. "Did your son show you this note?" I asked. "No," she replied. I wondered who would send Coty a note like this.

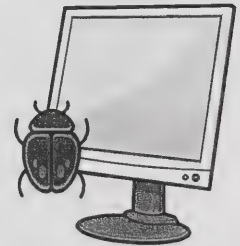
I went home and thought hard about the case. I decided to go and check the teachers' room again. The doors were locked so I picked the lock of the door and snuck back into the school and went back up to the third floor. It was dark. Mr. Robert's classroom door was unlocked but I didn't go in because I heard voices. It was the voice of a man talking. The voice said, "I don't like you and I never have. You are always being a pain. I can't stand you Coty!"

I thought fast. There was no other way. He was planning to do something to Coty. I kicked down the door and wrestled Mr. Roberts to the floor. "Coty," I yelled, "run and call the police." I held Mr. Roberts on the floor for the next 15 minutes until the police arrived. They entered the room, grabbed Mr. Roberts, put him in handcuffs, and dragged him out the door.

The police and I asked Coty what happened. He said that he was grabbed and pulled into a car. It was Mrs. Brown's car. She drove him to her house but she got out of the car and accidentally stepped into some mud. Then pulled him to her shed and put him in there. Then he told that Mrs. Brown took him to the school again and put him in Mr. Robert's room. Mr. Robert came and Mrs. Brown left. There was enough evidence to arrest Mrs. Brown too and Coty was returned to his parents.

What Should We Do Next?

By: Bradley Horton—Grade 7



I remember 2 years ago when my friend was infected. Right away I knew what happened, a virus some how got through. It was one of those worms that cause a decrease in speed and memory loss. Right away I looked in the hard drive for programs that looked suspicious. Nothing I could see that was harmful, but the virus was there. I was thinking to my self I needed an anti-virus, a type of medicine for computers. I wanted to cure my friend. I decided not to turn the computer on; I did not want my friend to get worse. Now we could not work together. I was disappointed and bored stiff.

I needed to get help for my friend. I begged my dad to help me find a cure. We raced to the software store, found an anti-virus, and rushed home. I installed it and scanned for viruses. There were no more problems or decrease in speed, the harmful virus was gone. My friend was cured.

My friend helps me a lot when it comes to work. If I need to find something or learn about a subject I can easily go to the internet and look it up. There was one time I needed to help Mr. Mills in finding information on an automatic oxygen dissolver machine. This machine is something that takes oxygen out of fish tanks, which is important because too much oxygen is bad for fish. The only way to do that was on the internet which my friend was connected to. We tried various types of search engines and word descriptions; nothing was found. We continued to search and found nothing. We were aggravated.

Other times my friend has helped me. I have used my friend for writing homework assignments in correct format. I write most of my home work for science on my friend's word processor because my hand writing is extremely bad. My friend helps me by using spell check.

Most of my entertainment is with my friend; we play mostly games. Any free time I have I wake my friend to play war games on the Internet

with people around the world. This is much more entertaining than playing against computer players. There are thousands of players around the world and various types of game modes.

My friend keeps me from being bored. I can't go out side because in my neighborhood there are thieves and bums. You can't just go play out side and we have no back yard. There are a lot of drunk drivers that like to drive through my road; we have a lot of wrecks on my road. Not a very safe place to be. That is why I just stay inside and play games with my friend and watch TV. Besides I don't like going out side there is nothing to do.

Today my friend is updated and protected. I have a 19 inch LCD flat screen monitor, wireless keyboard and mouse, 1 GB of RAM, 100GB hard drive, and DSL high speed Broad band Internet. My friend is faster, better, and more intelligent.

I have learned two things, to keep my friend updated and protected. One, never download things off the Internet. Two, if you have the money for a program use it for a security system on your computer. I want to keep him safe because he helps pass the time by. He is always there and I can count on him.

I Am From
By: David Carnes—Grade 8

I am from Kentucky Acres,
Oldham County, Crestwood.
I am from a really large family who loves me,
kisses and hugs me.
I am from a Mom who is a pharmacist
and a Dad who is a carpenter.
I am sounds of coins, cicadas, radios
and tape players.
I am smells of bacon, eggs and pancakes.
I am pound cakes with sweet syrups on top.
I am happy and getting along.

An Excerpt from: "The Conflict"
By: J.J. Earls—Grade 9

So now that you know about Mars, let's get to the more interesting part. Shall we? The war! Yes the war! I remember it as if it were yesterday. I was in my room, when a man in black walked up the front drive! I was on earth at the time. Well, I didn't know who he was obviously, but he looked important, so I went out to greet him!

He was a large man, about 6 foot. He had brown hair which was down to his shoulders, eyes

that were like pin pricks in the night, and a rather hard weather-beaten face. "You Jack Davis then?" He spoke in a rough and rather sharp voice that made me jump. But trying to sound more sure of what was going on than I was, I replied with a very, and somewhat shaky, "Yes!"

"The names Chance! Chance Black! got it?"

"Yes!" I shot back! The man gave me an indescribable look. "Well, guess what?" I was going to say what, but he didn't wait for an answer before saying, "You're being drafted. And I don't want any questions, and before you ask, there's nothing you can do about it."

"How did you know that I ..."

"Didn't I tell you that I didn't want any questions?" Chance interrupted. "Yes, but..."

"Shut up Jack!"

I had no choice. I shut up like a man who has had his mouth glued together. He told me not to pack anything, and to shut the door. I did so, and followed him. He led me to a silver van that I hadn't seen before. "Get in!!" he instructed. I got in. There were about 30 other people with me, and they were all looking expectantly out of the window. No one was talking. The van felt eerie, owing to the fact that some of the windows were down. Chance started to drive away from my

house! My home! My life! "Where are we going, exactly?" I asked. "We're going to the War Office, but if you don't shut up, you're going out the window!" Chance answered.

The rest of the drive passed without incident. Until we came up to a large building, which looked like it was made of stone, but was metal instead! It looked to me to be about half a mile long, and about 9,680 feet wide. I've learned how to measure pretty accurately with my eyes. "Where are we?" a brown haired boy asked. The boy looked to be about 16 or 17. "Who cares? Just follow me." Chance said vaguely.

Everybody got out of the van. I was in the seat behind Chance, so I was right behind him all the way inside the building. It looked like a cross between a waiting room and an office. There were big windows that were the size of me! No bigger! And along the floor about 50 feet away from me, there was a conveyer belt which I assumed to be for the army's food and supplies. The office was on the right and the belt was on the left, and we went right. The room was very, very huge. You could have held a church congregation in it!

NANAW

By: Beth Hope—Grade 10

When people talk about their grandmother they usually describe her as being someone you can trust. They would also describe her as being nice and caring. I have a lot more to add to that when I talk about my grandmother. When I was about two-years-old, and my Papaw was still alive, Nanaw, Papaw, and I were walking down a stone path that led from the porch to the driveway and the garage. She asked me, "Beth, why don't you call me grandma?" I replied to her by innocently saying, "But I can't say grandma." So now I call her Nanaw, and have gotten a lot of other people to call her Nanaw too. To me Nanaw describes so much more. She isn't just my grandmother; she is also my best friend. I have lived with Nanaw ever since I was born. Also when my Mother, Johnetta, died my Nanaw took full responsibility of raising me. Even though I have a growth problem and eyesight problems that didn't matter to Nanaw, she loves me no matter what kind of problems I have. She will always be here for me.



Nanaw has always worked; the jobs she has had were jobs where she could always have me with her. She has her own business where she

sells business cards. She also works at the 911 center in Georgetown, since I am in school in Louisville.

Nanaw is always here for me when I need her. If I want to talk to her, I just call and talk to her, she can help me understand things better, she can help me look at things in a different way. She worked every day looking for a teacher to teach me Braille. Harrison County schools sure couldn't find anyone, but my Nanaw did, she didn't give up. Nanaw has always told me my education is the most important thing she can do for me. With a good education I can always take care of myself. She wants me to be independent. Nanaw is still working on my education. She got me here at K.S.B. She knows that they can help me more than a public school. The K.S.B. staff has worked with visually impaired and blind students before.

Nanaw is one of the greatest people I know, she is the first person to take me to the Georgetown Library, or any library for that fact. When I was about ten or eleven Nanaw would read Hank the Cowdog books to me on rainy days and when she had nothing else that she had to do. Also Nanaw has always been a big part of my life. She showed me my first rainbow and the first airplane in the sky. I was about six years old when I saw my first rainbow. Nanaw and I were on our way home from shopping in Cynthiana when she

saw this large rainbow. She turned the car around and drove back to town and showed me where to look. It looked like it was coming out of the Speedway Service Station, it was beautiful. We were in Lexington when Nanaw saw this airplane as it was getting ready to cross the road we were on. She pulled over and told me where to look and I saw it. The plane was big and wasn't going too fast, because it was going to land at the airport. I have seen water coming out of the rock walls along the interstate and icicles at the same places. My Nanaw does things like this for me. She always takes time for me. I don't know any way I could thank her for all that she does. She is the greatest person I know, and I love her.

I Can Feel It
By: Kody Keplinger—Grade 11
(Short Course Student)

Like the wind in my hair
In a cool summer breeze
With the impact of a tragedy
That brings you to your knees.

Like a golden sunset
That gives you a chill
Or the touch of a hand

That makes you go still.
That's what it feels like
This feeling inside
But I won't admit I love you
For I have such pride.

Time
By: Kody Keplinger—Grade 11

It's time
Yes, it's time
Time to go
Time to come

Time to start
Time to stop
Time to sleep
Time to wake

But what is time?
Is it mental?
Is it physical?
Is it forever?

Time is pointless.
Time is wasting.
So little time.
Time.

(The following is an excerpt taken from Tommy Harmon's analytical piece in which he is comparing Eragon, the book, to Eragon, the movie.)

**From: Eragon, a Comparison
By Tommy Harmon—Grade 12**

All of your surroundings and characters count when you are trying to get in the zone. When I am saying zone, I'm meaning the picture that forms in your head of the characters and what happens to its fullest extent. In the book you rely on your imagination because in the book you have to picture the landscape, sky, and characters, and in the movie you use someone else's opinion and imagination to form the picture that makes up the movie, which is probably not the way you would want the picture in the Movie to end up.

There is a very old language that the elves speak. This language is the beginning of all languages, and it is a release word for magic because the elves are very fluent in this language. They are very adept when they use their magic. What I mean by fluent is, they are very powerful.

I would recommend the book Eragon to everyone; you should read it and come up with your own picture of what things look like with your own opinion and imagination. Your own imagination is better for you because you can

comprehend your own picture more than someone else's.

The Eragon trilogy has a very unique word, "struksher" that Christopher Paolini made up himself. This language is the beginning and the end, because if someone knows your name in this language, they can control you utterly, that is why you only give your name to your closest friends. You should read the book, Eragon.

Do You Want to Do Something Together?

By: Bobby Townsend—Grade 7

"Hey son, do you want to go somewhere with me," Dad asked. That is a typical question he always asks me. This time he was asking me if I wanted to go to the flea market. We love the flea market for a couple of reasons. Most products are not as expensive in the flea market as in original stores like Wall Mart. Anyway, the section we charge towards is the CD part of the store. Dad knows that I love CD's a lot so he takes me there first. I always love to buy rock music CD's because rock is my favorite kind of music. The guy who runs the CD section has CD's everywhere. He has shelves, boxes, books, and bags full of them. The

best thing about that is about three fourths of them are rock. Dad reads the CD's off to me. One time I bought one of my favorite rock band CD's, Slipknot. We love the flea market because we think going there is fun and is a chance to get out of the house and be together.

"Hey son, do you want to ride the motorcycle with me," Dad offered. "Dad, I don't know about that," I exclaimed. After I thought about it I said nervously, "actually, I guess I will try it." Dad has a 1990 Kawasaki Vulcan motorcycle. It is red, big, and sounds tough. So, we walked out to the garage and put our helmets on. I threw my leg over the seat, and sat down. The seat was very comfortable to my surprise. When we took off, I was scared at first because when he leaned slightly to turn, it felt like he was going to make us fall. He went fast but carefully. We rode up a couple of blocks and then went back. "That was kind of scary," I confessed, "but also cool at the same time." Now, I am more used to riding and I love riding on the motorcycle with Dad.

"Hey son, let's go play a game," Dad suggests often. We go into his room to play the playstation together. We always play games on the Playstation 2 because we think it is entertaining. Anyway, we have a large collection of Playstation games. We have wrestling games, action games such as the Grande Theft Autos, racing games,

fighting games, and sports games. Sometimes I don't play some of the games because I can't see well enough to play them.

Some of our favorite games to play are the wrestling games, Need for Speed Hot Pursuit, the NASCAR games, Mortal Combat Deadly Alliance, Ultimate Fighting Championship Sudden Impact, and the Grande Theft Auto games. We like these games the most because of the action that happens in them. We love to have competitions a lot, especially on Ultimate Fighting Championship Sudden Impact. When we are playing UFC, we like to have a competition by fighting each other in the game. While we are fighting, I hear brutal grunts and blood splatting noises. Also when we are fighting, I excitedly smash the buttons down hard. Dad also smashes his buttons real hard and fast too. If I win, I throw my arms up in the air in victory and shout, "I win! Nice try Dad."

My Dad bellows, "Rematch!" So we keep on playing. The next fight we have is more of a challenge to me because Dad is concentrating more. During the rematch, I hear tough punches and kicks from the game, blood noises, and booming grunts. Sweat starts to cover my hands and the fight begins to build suspense. I hear Dad smashing his fingers on the controller really fast and hard. We only quit when we get tired.

"Hey Bobby, let's go watch television together," Dad suggests. "Yah, we can watch Beevis and Butthead," I proclaimed. That is our favorite show to watch. We like it the best because it is funny and is very entertaining. Some of our other favorite shows are Fear Factor, Mad TV, and wrestling shows. Every time Beevis and Butthead comes on, we excitedly go in his room, turn on the TV, and we watch it. The bad thing is that Beevis and Butthead doesn't always come on every weekend.

We like to watch movies. Our favorite kind of movies to watch are horror movies such as the Friday the Thirteenth movies. We have just about all of those movies except for number three. Some of the movies my Mom has nightmares about and she usually says, "Bobby, I can't see how you can tolerate that evil stuff." My Dad and I laugh at her and give each other high fives.

"Hey son, do you want to hang out in the garage together," Dad asks. When we go out to the garage, he shows me everything. He shows me some tools, pipes, and other things. We enjoy hanging out in the garage because he likes showing me things and it gives us something to do.

"Do you want to help me clean the motorcycle," Dad asks. "Sure," I said. This wasn't

the first time I was going to help him with something. The first time I saw the bike, I examined by touching all over it. I loved the seat because it was comfortable, it was red, and it smelled fresh like leather. I felt all the pipes, wheels, motor, and all the other parts. While he was taking some parts off to clean it, he was teaching me some stuff. He taught me not to put my leg too close to the pipes while it's running or it could burn you.

One time we cleaned the bike together which was a catastrophe. When I was finished cleaning half of it, Dad was trying to clean the filter out and accidentally messed it up. He was so infuriated that I thought he was going to slam the bike in to the ground. Instead, he stomped loudly in to the house. He also angrily grabbed the phone and called the number to the bike parts store to order a new filter. The filter took a long time to get to our house because it came from Japan. Once we received it, we went in the garage to replace the old filter with the new one. This time, Dad was calmer than the first time.

My Dad and I enjoy spending time together. He is just my best friend. When I have children some day, I will probably do the same things with them as my Dad did with me. I will ask them, "Hey, do you want to do something together?"

I AM FROM

By: Samantha Hubbard—Grade 8

I am from Louisville by a river
and hilly North Bellaire Ave.

I am from Monty Lane which
goes side to side and is very flat.

I am from the VA Hospital
where my dad works and where
his bosses are not very nice.

I am from the vending stand where
my step dad takes care of his machines.

I am from the stinky smell of garbage
which no one takes out
and nice good smells of grilled chicken.

I am from hiding places,
where it is quiet.

Reflections on "The Road Not Taken"

by Robert Frost

**By: Jessica Vaughn—Grade 9
(Short Course Student)**

This poem has affected the way I think about life. How the traveler has to choose which path to take and the outcome is exactly how life is itself. Whatever your choices are now are the events that

happen in the future. This poem talks about consequences and whatever you do now affects what happens later it being good or bad.

Sometimes people make the bad decisions and start going down the wrong path and they have a bad outcome, and sometimes people makes the right decisions and have a good outcome.

In my life I feel I have always tried to make the right decisions so I won't have a bad outcome on life. So my future won't be so hard. An example is just making the decision to study and try my hardest in school, or choosing not to do drugs and tons more. People make choices everyday it's the way of life. So I'm the traveler in the woods and every time I have to make a decision is me choosing which path to go down every time.

In my way of thinking, I feel that people who make the right decisions have a better future than ones who choose to go down the wrong path and do wrong. That is why it is better to make the right decision and go down the right path. This poem by Robert Frost really puts the way of life out there for people to understand easier, just remember you as the traveler, and think if you were in the woods you wouldn't want to go down a rough path and just because everyone else went that way doesn't make the path any better. Life is the same exact way.



Oswalt on the Mound

By: Aaron Reed—Grade 10

On a hot Texas night in Huston, the Astros were a buestion. It was their first world series ever, and the players were really clever. The Astros were looking forward to this night, as they would give the White Sox a really clean fight. As the game began, it looked as if the Astros had a plan.

The first ending was scoreless for the visiting team, but the Astros would give them quite a scream. While scoring 5 runs in the first, it looked like the White Sox were in for the worst. Roy Oswalt had only 1 bad inning, but the Stroes just kept on winning. Oswalt managed to settle down, with out wearing a frown.

While the White Sox kept picking at the lead, the hearts of the Astros were still ticking. After much action it came to the bottom of the eight, when the Astros were looking for a reaction. As the game went on into the night, the crowd was watching a heck of a fight. 14 innings would be the length of the game, as the Astros would play the White Sox game. As the game entered it's 5th hour of play, the Astros would have a price to pay. As the 1st series ended, the Astros came to bat in the bottom of the 14th inning, the Astros wanted a

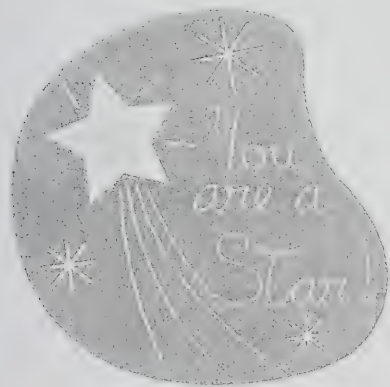
piece of winning. The Astros were feeling the blochs, as they were doomed to lose. When it was down to the last out, the Astros tried to make the pitcher run about. By game's end the White Sox won, and it looked like they were having fun.

The Astros wanted to even the score, but the White Sox wanted to win all 4. The Astros may have won the national league championship, but the White Sox were winners of the world championship.

Feeling Like a Star
By: Crystal McGuffin—Grade 11
(Short Course Student)

Do you have a teacher that makes you feel like a star? I do, and her name is Ms. Wagoner. She is my VI teacher. I met Ms. Wagoner when I was a sophomore in High School, and I am glad to know such a sweet person. I know that I can count on her no matter what. To me, that means a lot when you can actually trust a teacher as much as I trust her. She is my teacher, but I also feel that she is a friend because I know I can trust her like I trust my mother and that is some trust.

One thing I will always remember is when she confided in me that she was no longer going to be my homeroom teacher, but an EBD (Emotional Behavioral Disorder) teacher. It made me feel good when she told me that I wouldn't lose her as my VI teacher. She said that she wanted to keep me as her student, which is enough to make anybody feel good. The best part about going to school is going to her room in the mornings and hearing the "good mornings" and seeing the smile



on her face. A good lesson that Ms. Wagoner has taught me is that no matter what happens you have to look at the bright side of things, and that there is always a positive to every negative.

Another instance where my teacher made me feel like a star was when I went to the Kentucky School for the Blind in January. Another one of my favorite teachers, Ms. McDaniel, and she gave me a sack with 2 shirts in it. I also found a note in the bag. The note said, "We will miss you, but we know that you are in good hands. Have fun at short course. Love you bunches, Ms. Wagoner and Ms. McDaniel." That made me feel really good and at the same time made me want to cry because it was so sweet.

It's hard to think that your teachers can care about you that much. The whole time I was at the

Kentucky School for the Blind, Ms. Wagoner always kept in touch through email. It was something I really looked forward to every day. There is a famous quote by Helen Keller that reminds me of this special relationship between teacher and student. It goes like this, "The best and most beautiful things in the world cannot be seen or even touched. They must be felt within the heart." I feel that everything that she does for me comes from her heart.

Why Such Days Come!
By: Andy Davis—Grade 12

The fire
The gas
The bullets
None of them matter anymore
You can hurt me
You can punish me
You can torture me
Nothing else matters anymore
You took all that was dear to me
You massacred my family
You killed off all others like me
Why such days come
You tried to eliminate us

You tried to terrorize us
You tried to strip us from the earth
Why such days come
The horrors we saw
The murders
All the bodies
Countless bodies
Why such days come
Genocide is what they call it
That's what they call the scenes of terror
Genocide is what they call the massacre
Why such days come
Nobody did anything till it was almost too late
They ignored our cries for help
The people just kept walking
Looking on like all is normal
Caring for none other than themselves
Why such days come
Wounded hearts
Brutally beaten
Why must we be killed
Will you at least grant me that answer
Or do you not have an answer
Bleeding boys
Wounded women
Mangled men
Gasping girls
Beaten babies
All are soon to be gone

Gone to the fire
The crematories
Gone to the gas
Taken away from us all
Not to be seen again
Loved ones
Hated ones
All of them gone
I am the only one left
Forced into hiding
Forced to hide in sewers
Forced to become one with the rats of the camp
Crawling around the lavatories
Hoping not to be seen
Why such days come!

(Inspired by Elie Wiesel's "Night")

I Am From
By: Della Brooks—Grade 8

Weekends
I'm from Louisville where the horses run.
I'm from Portland where there are a lot of people
that are awful.
I cannot even believe that I am surrounded
by awful people.

I am from a place where no one understands
my feeling or listens to me

Weekdays

I am from a dorm where I get to socialize.

I am from Track where I run at a pace.

I am from Recreation where I love to socialize.

I am from study-hall where I do all of my
homework.

Never Say I Love You
By: Jessica Martin—Grade 9

Never say I love you
if you don't really care,
Never talk about feelings
if they aren't really there,
Never hold my hand
if your gonna break my heart,
Never say I love you
if you don't plan to start.
Never say I love you
if all you do is lie
Never say, "Hi"
if you really mean, "Goodbye,"
Never say forever
because forever makes me cry.

The Four Day Work Week!

By: Matt Setters—Grade 10

Have you ever wondered what it would be like to have a four day work week? It would be great right, never working Friday, Saturday, or Sunday? But what would this do for us? What could this do for the rising heating costs, and the pricy cost of gasoline? Would it make a difference? Would people care?

With the rising cost of gas no one can afford to drive back and forth to work every day back and forth back and forth. But they do. When they do they are wasting their hard earned money on going to work when they should be wasting it on other things like going places that they want to go. I understand that they need to go to work to get money and to survive but they do need some rec. time too. So I think if we had a four day work week we could have more gas to have for things we want to do.

Also if we had a four day work week we would have more time for our families. No doubt about that. We would have more time to do what we love to do with our families whether it be play ball in the backyard or making cookies with grandma.

The last thing is if we had a four day work week we would cut the energy bills down a lot too.

It would cut one fifth off the energy bills and maybe a little more. Wouldn't it be great to cut down on the bills?

Wouldn't it be great to help out the world by taking one little day out of your busy schedules and taking off? You could get more done and I know it would be great.

Crazy As It Seems
By: Kody Keplinger—Grade 10
(Short Course Student)

I'm supposed to be the smart one
Always thinking things through
So, please, tell me why
I am thinking about you

I would never stand a chance
You're much too perfect for me
And, though, I tell my self all this
I forget it when you look at me

I would never tell you this
Because, crazy as it seems,
I'm scared of all of these emotions
You linger in my dreams

As crazy as it seems
You're the only one on my mind
And I fear you'd break my heart
Though, you are so sweet and kind
So never will you hear
All of these emotions I hold
Because, to tell you this takes bravery
And I am not so bold.

Do You Really Know
By: Shawn Holt—Grade 12

Times of pain and despair
Are only brought upon
A weak soul.
Some say my heart
Is cold as ice
That's okay because life
Has its justice moments.
How can a person say that they care about you
When they don't know your past?
How can they care about you when your future
is only clear to the lord?
All these questions are not answered by faith
when man thinks faith is hopeless
What faith can man decide when man
can't control life?

I ask questions to be told the person's opinion
Not to be told how my life should go
under a person's justifications.
Destiny is what you make it
not what other people perceive it as
So how can a nation under unlawful jurisdiction
be desecrated if the dictator needs slaves?
Almost six hundred years gone by
Yet and still no apologies for the crime
that was committed
To a race which did not ask to come here,
but was brought by sheet-wearing flocks.
So answer this, Do You Know how it feels
to be called out side of your name?
Do you know how it feels to be
treated as an animal?
I don't but I feel the beating of the words that was
said to my ancestors many years ago.
So yes I Do Know.

I Am From
By: Jonathan Cord—Grade 8

I Am from Louisville, Kentucky and P.R.P.
For eight years I have lived on Maryview Drive.
My parents are John and Karen
who love and hug me.

I am from a truck builder and a nurse.
Thrill seeking and camping are how
my family and I have fun.
I am from eating out, going places with my Dad
and quiet talks with my Mom.
I am singing, foreign languages,
and hanging out with friends.

High School
By: Jessica Vaughn—Grade 9
(Short Course Student)

Have you ever been in a world with so many people that you can barely walk down the hallway and still feel alone? Well that is how high school is for me. Crowds of people on every corner, everyone in their own little cliques, pretty much like life is like a big popularity contest. Everyone has their friends, and all kinds of different activities going on, and then there is me. Some people refer to me as a loner and maybe I am. Does it make me weird just because I really don't care what other people think about me? I don't think it does, but I'm not so sure about all the other of hundreds of people there.

So I may be different than everyone else there but it doesn't make me weird, I feel it just makes

me not want to be like everyone else. After people leave high school no one is really going to care how popular you were, I know I don't even care right now about how popular someone is. I think people need to stop worrying about what other people thinks of them and live their life.

Sweet Skies

By: Marissa Helms—Grade 10

It's difficult to say how long it will take
a rose bud to bloom.
And more difficult to say how long it will take
for the rose to wilt.
Winter always comes
No matter what you want,
no matter what you need
Winter comes and freezes
The rose you loved so dearly
The rose turns shades as it grows
And as it dies
From the pink cheeks of a little girl
who likes a little boy
To the red of your heart
that's so deeply in love
From the red of your heart
so deeply endowed

To the black of death itself,
A pit in which to drown
The strong stem of the delicate rose shrivels
but it's a fighting battle
The great lush green to a dark dead brown
The rose cries with perspiration before death
Before it freezes in life,
before the red goes all to black
Before the silk petals turn
to dry cardboard on the street
The rose's tears stream down the elusive flower
Over every thorn and every leaf that gives it life
The death is slow and painful
The corruption starts on the outside,
Turning slowly inward, coiling on itself
Watching the rose becomes depressing
and so everyone turns away
Focusing their eyes on something more appealing,
Like the snow falling all around.
Paying no mind to the dead flower
lying on the ground
After all, it's just one rose.



So Long Ago It Seems
By: Kody Keplinger—Grade 11
(Short Course Student)

Golden is the sunrise
That spreads across my floor
Waking in my mind
Thoughts of hate and war.

So long ago, it seems
I fought among such heroes
For my home, my freedom
A pride that only grows.

Thoughts drift to my children
Now they fight to save our home
And while I pride their work
I hate that they are out there alone

Too far for me to reach
Too far for me to hold
And I pray to the Lord they survive
And don't starve in such cold

I've fought a fight for freedom
And now it's my children's turn
Because no one can take that away
When will terrorists learn?

Our World Will Change!
By: Thomas Saling—Grade 12

Your world needs to change.
Our souls enraged on account of the days
they spent in chains!!!
You need to wake up!!!
Open your eyes and see
that hatred still remains!!!
It wasn't enough.
Angry, that they fought so hard,
and you and I are still segregated!!!
Infuriated!!!
I feel you don't respect the quintessence, of our
past martyrs, but hate it!!!
Sightless and unaware.
History delineates the Life ahead
for future generations!!!
Hearts do not forget!!!
Neither forgiving nor forgetting, (and we are
scarred, for the rest of our existence!!!)
We all want tranquility.
"By any means necessary,"
was never advocating violence!!!
You were not educated!!!
(Who was Malcolm X!), a black agitator
or great leader and activist?
They are reincarnated.
Vessels are sacrificed, and souls subsist

until their ideas become conscious!!!
I pledge allegiance!!!
Fought and died for our country
and still no black president!!!
A long way we've come?
Once hid under sheets, now disguised as police!!!
"I have a dream!"
I don't want my hatred to be passed on
to my unborn flesh!!!
"I have a dream!!"
The inequities of our past and present time
won't persist when our days have elapsed!!!
"I have a dream!!!"
(Our world will change!!!)

Making Up for Lost Time
By: Shawn Holt—Grade 12

Watching you from a distance makes me think.
What happen to the person whom I looked
at with so much pride?
Now watching you is like seeing
a blank picture or hazy T.V.
I stand up still fighting for the dreams
that were once promoted with joy.
But now I see they meant nothing to you.
The days that you hurt I felt your pain

The nights you cried my heart went out to you.
No more of that because life goes on.
Maybe I can't understand what you see
But what I seen is not who I once knew.
Why do you take life and treat it like is nothing?
When in reality it is everything and then some.
As I set and watch you out my window I can't
stand to bear what you've become.
Who are you now?
Not the person who you were.
A person with actions that will get put into plans
but never act upon.
I know days when I wasn't there it seemed
as if I didn't care.
Listen to me as I say these words that spill from
my heart and into your head.
Not to hurt, but to bring forth what I want to do.
Let me take you back let me make things destine
as the faith we once had.
I am requesting an opportunity
to make up for lost time.
Old folks tell me "love is a word you use
when the time is right."
I see what they mean as I try to make love work.
It is a thin line between love and hate,
but it also a thin line between fate and destiny
To disrespect is easier than to show feelings.
I just wish that I could go and bring you back.
Looking at you now and seeing where you rest

is not what should have happened.
I still wish I could make up for the time
that was lost.

R.I.P. Old friend.

I Am From
By: Brittany Bates—Grade 8

I am from the sun
I shine every where.
I am like a tree, I blow with the wind.

I am like a bird that makes beautiful music.
I am like a book;
My life is one big story
filled with magical chapters.

I am from fudge
sweet and smooth.
I am from the guitar
and piano;
I play beautiful melodies.

I am from God
I am blessed with every prayer.

I am from earth
a human being filled with hopes and dreams.

I am from flowers and trees,
I grow each day.
I am from paintings by Leonardo da Vinci
I am unique in my own way.

The Anonymous Love (excerpt?)
By: Matthew B. Setters—Grade 10

Jeanette Chamberlain was a twenty-nine year old mother who lived with her little boy and husband in the large city of Detroit, Michigan. Jeanette was the average mom and wife; she drove a black minivan, lived in a large white Victorian home, ate three meals a day and went to work each morning. Jeanette was a secretary/receptionist at the office of Dr. Laura McClanahan; Dr. Laura was also their family physician.

Jeanette was a very boring person; she had no social life whatsoever. She went to work at 8:30 am each morning, returning home at 5:00 pm. She cleaned the house, cooked the meal, cleaned up afterwards and went to bed to read her book, The Ugly Duckling. Jeanette was very unhappy with her life and where it had taken her. She regretted everything she had ever done, marrying

her husband, he was what is said to be a working alcoholic that was working but getting nowhere because of his addiction. She was unhappy about her work, her home, her car, her personality, her look, her social status, and much more. The only thing that meant anything to her was her little boy, Kyle.

After taking Kyle to school one day during March, she usually would have went to work, but today she had a lot to get done around the house. She had called the office and had taken a personal day, just to get done what she needed to. She hadn't had a day off now in over a year, except for the regular Saturday and Sunday that she always had. She would have to get everything done today. She went and had breakfast at Cracker Barrel, went and paid all of the family's bills, went to the doctor and got her hair done.

When she returned home she picked up the mail from the mail box. She parked the van and put down the windows, stepped out of her van and slammed the door. That was something else she had to do was clean her car up and it was already 11:30 am. She was thinking she would never get done.

When she went into the house she got a microwave dinner out of the freezer, Smart Ones. She microwaved her lunch and turned on the flip

down 15" LCD TV under the cabinet. She was eating, watching the 12 o'clock news, and reading through mail at the same time. She was in the kitchen setting at the breakfast nook, right where the warm sun could touch her back in the cold house. Jeanette felt alone.

As she read through the letters from her mom, brothers and sisters she came across a small envelope she had never seen in her life, as she opened it a weird feeling of anxiousness came over her. She ripped the envelope from the pink piece of notebook paper that was inside. It was a letter, but from whom, it read:

Brick in the Wall

**By: Kody Keplinger—Grade 11
(Short Course Student)**

Don't think I'm not watching
Don't think I hadn't heard
Don't think this is easy for me
You saw me crash and burn.

You say it so casually to the crowd
You can see the devastation
One stranger among the joyous
One dying from starvation.

I once looked at you with admiration
Then with a longing gaze
But I was and am a brick in the wall
And she now gets your praise.

You couldn't hear the shattering
The breaking of my spirit
You smile and take her hand
Like I should be happy to hear it.

Faded hope turns to tears
But no one sees when the wall cries.
I must smile and pretend to be happy
Or everyone will see through my lies.

I want to turn away from you
I refuse to watch the show
But like a wall I am forced to watch
Torturing me long and slow.

Analyzing Tupac Amaru Shakur **By: Thomas Saling—Grade 12**

Tupac declared that the definition of a thug in the dictionary was not how he used the word. He said that the word Thug was a person who came from an oppressive or squalid background and

little opportunity but still made a life for themselves and were proud.

"I didn't create Thug Life, I diagnosed it." -
Tupac Shakur(
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Thug_Life)

Racism, poverty, overcoming adversity, and unity between Blacks, these are some of the things that Tupac had written about in his poetry and lyrics. A lot of people don't have a great appreciation for him or his music. To me, he is one of the greatest leaders that the Black community and the world could ever have known. When some people think of Tupac, all they see is a THUG or just another rapper who was born in the ghetto. He was more than that; he was a man who, when he spoke, you knew that every word was the truth. To show you that Tupac was more than just a Rapper and thug, I'm going to analyze two poems, written by Tupac, in which he spoke of racism, poverty, justice, overcoming adversity, and unity, not only between Afro- Americans, but among everyone.

A poem he wrote called "A Rose in the Concrete" is one of my most favorite pieces. A rose is representing a person who was born into poverty, violence and drugs. The rose grew from a crack in the concrete. The concrete represents the hardships faced by any individual that may

have been born under the same circumstances. An actual rose that is planted in concrete cannot possibly flourish into the rose it could have been if it had been planted in an open field, where it would be allowed to grow. People were born in a situation where they were not meant to survive. The people that make it through those hardships, no matter the means, are referred to as roses in the concrete.

He wrote that the rose had proven nature's law wrong, and learned to walk without feet. Everyone that said that this rose couldn't make it in life had been proved wrong. The world was wrong; the rich was wrong, and the government who planted these roses in the concrete was wrong. They taught themselves to walk without any support from the world outside of their own. They stand and walk without feet to support or balance their body. No one helped them overcome their adversities. He says that by the rose keeping its dreams, it learned to breathe fresh air. By not thinking of what the world says or believes, and fighting to achieve your own goals, you can still make it out of the ghetto. You can get away from the violence, drugs, and that they'll-never-make-it stereotype. "Long live the rose that grew from concrete, when no one else ever cared." The rose has finally made it through the concrete, on his or her own, and is

experiencing things no one ever thought possible.
(<http://www.2pac2k.de/poems.html>)

Another great poem he wrote was called, And 2Morrow. In this poem, he wrote about how America's history affected the emotional and living state of two different groups of people. "Today is filled with anger, fueled with hidden hate." When he says "Today," he is talking about white people. He feels like they still hate us. I don't mean all white people either. The white people who have always been in control of this country. He meant that the people in power are hiding the hatred they have for Blacks. White people are the ones in power in this country. "Scared of being outcast, afraid of common fate." He's saying that they hide their hatred because it didn't work when they showed it before. Because of their hatred, we had people like Martin Luther King, Jr. It is because of their hatred, we had people like Malcolm X. They fought against that hatred, and made it hard for them to have complete control, and keep Blacks in the dark. They're afraid that if they show their hatred, they will lose power because this country won't let that hatred come back.

"Today is built on tragedies which no one wants to face." He meant that the same people that are hiding their hatred, are only in power because of past tragedies like, slavery, the colonization of the Native Americans, which is a

name given to them (after the people in power gave this country that name), and all the people that were killed, fighting for their freedom, years after slavery. He said this country is the way it is now because of those things that happened before. No one wants to face the fact that the past has affected Black people today.

"Nightmares 2humanities and morally disgraced". They know that Black people have been severely affected by the past and are not going to do anything about what is going on, in America, today. He is saying that they should be ashamed of themselves. When he says "tonight," he is speaking about the life of people in the Black community. "Tonight is filled with rage, violence in the air." That just means that Blacks are angry. Black people are furious. They are angry because of our current place in the world. "Children bred with ruthlessness because no one at home cares." Today, kids don't know what it is like for their parents. Today's parents are the people who were most directly affected by history. The parents who lived in poverty for most of their lives, and still are, are going to be harder on their children. The life that Blacks in America were given was not meant to support children. Because of the situation that the parents are in, some may feel like that their kids make it that much harder to escape their current place. They feel like, neither

they or their children are ever going to make it in life, so they don't care.

"Tonight, I lay my head down, but the pressure never stops nawing at my sanity, content when I am dropped." When he said that; he was not talking about himself, and people probably thought he was. He was speaking from the mind of everyone that lives that life of poverty, drugs, violence, and they feel like the government has failed them. He is saying that they are trying to just get some rest, some time to think, or just some time to get things together. They don't get that time, so they say that they will get that time when they die. He stops speaking about the differences between white and Black, and spoke of change. "And 2morrow, I see change, a chance to build a new." When he said 2morrow, he meant the future. When everyone wakes up, and opens their eyes; then we can make things better for Blacks, whites, the poor, and all of our children. "Built on spirit intent of heart, and ideals based on truth." The change he sees will be a new life, in which we act more on the strength of our hearts, and not just acting on what we think is right. "And Ideals based on truth." When you just sit around and make up ideas off the top of your head, and you don't know the truth about the things that have crossed your mind, you're ignorant. He means that our morals should be

based on fact. Your principles should be based on reality. If you don't know the truth about the world around you, how can you make up your own ideas about the world?

"And 2morrow I wake with second wind,
and strong because of pride, to know I fought with
all my heart to keep my dream alive." The last
lines in the poem are probably the most important
for people to understand. This line means that we
will wake up in the future, and be able to say that
we are survivors. If you die of old age, and all
your life, you have lived in poverty, drugs and
violence, you have survived. You have told
yourself, everyday that you will make it, you will
have a good job, and you will not contribute to
that They'll-never-make-it stereotype. You have
used what Your God has given you to overcome
your adversity. You say, the government has
given you nothing and didn't need to. Even if
there is no one to help you, you can make it.
(<http://oldpoetry.com/opoem/36349-Tupac-Shakur-And-2Morrow>)

Tupac was more than just a rapper and THUG. He was a leader, and not just for Black people. He was talking to everyone when he wrote a song or poem. Of course, he was going to speak mostly of the problems that Black people go through because he was Black, but he was not only for Black people. Pac had said in an interview that he

had a dream he would die saving a young white kid. The reason that people don't respect Tupac was that he was too hard in his lyrics. They didn't like how he said the things he said. If people would stop listening to how he said things, and listen to the message he was trying to send us, I think people would have a new appreciation for him as an artist and a person.

The Day after Tomorrow: Could it be?
By: Andy Dockery—Grade 11

The Blockbuster movie The Day after Tomorrow's pretrial of the phenomenal event of the world slipping into another ice age is not too far from true. In the movie, the Thermohaline Circulation shuts down, and heat builds up in the tropics. A mass storm builds up and the world enters a new ice age. Is this happening? With the vast increase of global warming, it may very well be.

The thermohaline circulation (aka the Great Ocean Conveyor belt) is the circulation of warm water in the Atlantic Ocean going from the southern hemisphere to the North Pole. Once the warm water reaches between Greenland and

Norway, it sinks and flows back southward. The two attributes, temperature and salinity, determines the density of seawater, and the differences in density between the water masses in the world's oceans causes the water to flow. This circulation carries a tremendous amount of heat northward and is a large factor in maintaining the current climate. If global warming causes large amounts of glacial melting, the resulting influx of freshwater into the North Atlantic would cause the ocean surface to become less dense. This effect could shut down the thermohaline circulation, since the warmer water moving northward would no longer sink and flow back south. With global warming, warming the arctic and melting the glaciers, the great amount of fresh water runoff into the ocean, the circulation could weaken or even shut down.

Global warming has already taken its effect on us and is already taking lives. The very familiar and tragic event of hurricane Katrina is one example.

Although Katrina and global warming may not have been linked directly, there was some significance. Scientists said that the water temperature was higher than normal. (The warmer the water, the stronger the hurricane) not only that, but an unusual phenomenal event



occurred that day. A tract of unusually deep and warm water led Katrina directly into the gulf coast.

Hurricane activity is increasing and is becoming stronger. The number of hurricanes was expected to be between 12 and 15 named storms and 7 hurricanes. With 15 named storms and 9 hurricanes, the National Hurricane Center described these events above normal. 2005 being even worse, by exceeding the expectation of 18-21 named storms and 9-11 hurricanes. They also reported these facts:

- 27 named tropical storms for the first time since systematic record keeping began about 150 years ago
- 14 hurricanes
- 7 major hurricanes
- The earliest date on record by which four named tropical storms formed (Arlene, Bret, Cindy, Dennis formed before July 5)
- The earliest date on record by which two category 4 hurricanes occurred (Dennis formed July 4-7; Emily formed July 10-16)
- The most powerful hurricane ever recorded in the Atlantic basin (Wilma, central barometric pressure of 882 mBar)
- Three of the six most powerful hurricanes ever recorded in the Atlantic basin (Katrina, Rita, Wilma)

- The first time three category 5 hurricanes have ever been recorded in the same year in the Atlantic basin)
- The most destructive hurricane in US history (Katrina)
- Tied the record for latest date of storm formation set in 1954 (tropical storm Zeta formed on Dec. 30, 2005)

Hurricanes aren't the only thing expected to get worse: floods, droughts, heat waves (remember the 2003 European heat wave that killed tens of thousands of people) ect. are expected to become normal instead of often.

Is the way you want your great (x4) grand kids to live in a world with a ruthless and destructive climate or even an ice age? Is there any thing we can do about it? Sure. Will we? Probably not. The thing is, they're several things we could do about it. I'm willing to bet that half of this country will either not do anything to stop it (or at least slow it down) or just won't care enough to help at all. The fact is, most everyone knows about it but just won't do anything.

If the major car manufacturers would switch from gas to methane this would gradually eliminate the green house gas emissions (carbon dioxide, the major cause for global warming) from the atmosphere. If people would stop burning

fossil fuels to heat and power their homes and businesses and instead, use solar power, except on cloudy days, this would also help.

Dr. Seuss says in his book The Lorax.

"And all that the Lorax left here in this mess was a small pile of rocks, with one word.... UNLESS. What ever that means. That was long, long ago. But each day since that day I've sat here and worried and worried away. Through the years while my buildings have fallen apart, I've worried about it with all my heart. "But now" says the Once-ler, "Now that you're here, the word of the Lorax seems perfectly clear. UNLESS someone like you cares a whole awful lot, nothing is going to get better. No its not"

So think about it; the rest pretty much speaks for itself.

Northern Lights
By: Andy Davis—Grade 12

Northern lights flash
Thunder cracks
Wails of dying men
Blood curdling cries for help
Men fighting amongst each other
All is lost,

All is hopeless
The fight fought for less than a cause
The fight which I regret
The enormous gash, the scar
Left behind by the memories
Lives lost
Wives widowed
Fathers forgotten
Sons forsaken
All normality's gone
Lost into the great abyss of war and hatred
Northern lights flash
As those of our love fall
Fall in pain or death
Blind by the northern flash
Deaf by the Thunderous cracks
Strengthened men cut down by the aftershock
Wounded hearts, bleeding bodies
The effects, the aftermath of the northern lights
AFTERSHOCK of war
Northern lights
Thunder cracks
Wailing of the ghostly men
Memories of the Northern lights

Deforesting of the Amazon Rainforest

By: Kelly Graves—Grade 12

The increased rate of deforesting in the Amazon Rainforest is one of the most important issues on our planet today. In this paper, I am going to discuss the problem of deforesting of the Amazon Rainforest and what is being done to prevent it. Since the 1970's, the Amazon Rainforest has lost over seven hundred eighteen thousand square kilometers. The main causes for this are the increased demand for farm land, logging, and the building of the Trans-Amazonian Highway in Brazil.

The Rainforest is Home to Millions

The Amazon rainforest is home to millions of species of plants and animals; many are only found in the Amazon Rainforest. There are also indigenous people who still get all their resources from the rainforest. Since the early 1900's, more than ninety groups of indigenous people have disappeared from the rainforest, and over five hundred years ago, there was estimated to be over ten million indigenous people living in the Amazon Rainforest. Today, there are less than two hundred thousand.

Problems Endangering the Rainforest

The Amazon rainforest also makes ten percent of the world's carbon; when it is burned for fuel, it creates greenhouse gases which speed up the burning of the Ozone layer.

Another problem that has been facing the rainforest has been drought. One of the worst droughts in the past one hundred years happened in 2005, and 2006 was predicted to be a second year of drought. On July 22, 2006, "The Independent," a newspaper in the United Kingdom, printed an article that reported that results from the Woods Hole Research Center showed that the rainforest could not survive more than three years in drought. In the article, scientists also argued that with the current rate of deforestation and climate change, the rainforest could eventually die and be replaced by desert and savanna; if this were to happen, it would cause severe climate change for the rest of the planet.

Countries in the rainforest use the slash and burn method to make more useable farmland for their agricultural industries. When doing this, the vegetation is dried for a period of time and then burned; this releases nutrients into the soil, making it fertile for a short period of time, then the soil becomes infertile. Another reason to stop deforestation is many of the medicines we depend

on come from plants found only in the Amazon. Also, many of the birds found in the rain forest are migratory, so if they were to disappear it would disrupt ecosystems around the world.

Organizations that Protect the Rainforest

There are many organizations that are working to protect the rainforest. Two of these organizations are: The Rainforest Action Network and The World Wildlife Fund. The Rainforest Action Network is an organization that works to protect all of the world's rainforests and their inhabitants. One of the programs they use to help the rainforest is called Protect an Acre. This program provides financial aid to under funded organizations that work to protect forested areas, and the indigenous people that live in the rainforest.

The World Wildlife Fund is the world's largest multinational conservation organization in the world and has over a million members in the United States. One of the ways they have contributed to protecting the rainforest is through the Amazon Region Protected Areas (ARPA) program; (ARPA) is a system of parks and other protected areas that will cover almost two hundred thousand square miles; of the Amazon Rainforest; this program is expected to cost three hundred

million dollars and will be completed over a period of ten years.

After reading this paper, I hope that you will be more informed about the danger that our rainforests are in. It is important that you get involved and join one of the organizations mentioned in this paper, or join one of many others that work to preserve the world's rainforests.

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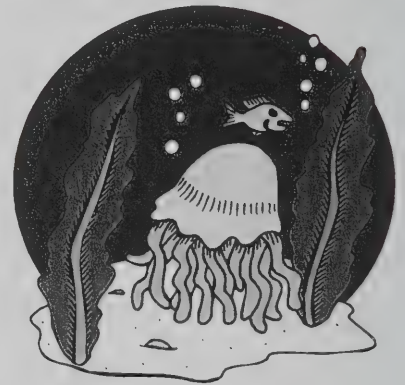
A Fish Tale

By: Brett Morton—Grade 12

It was 1946 in the south coast of the Atlantic Ocean. There lived a fish named Norman who lived on a coral reef. He was a happy fish for the most part. He spent his time hanging out with schools of other fish. He had no problem with

other aquatic life. He had had a hard life losing his friend Tuna to a large fishing boat. Other than that, his life went pretty well.

His new friend, Wanda, who he had met soon after Tuna's death and who had helped him through all the pain, spent time with him swimming and exploring other reefs. As another past time, they spent their time watching the lights of boats go over the surface of the water. One particular day, they were exploring a reef, and Norman saw the most beautiful thing he had ever seen in his life... a blue tentacle wrapped around clumps of seaweed as it bobbed gently in the current of the water. He looked at Wanda and said, "Isn't that the most beautiful thing you have ever seen in your life? The way it moves and how the light reflects off of it..."



Wanda looks at him like he's lost his mind and remarks, "Sometimes I wonder about you. Don't you know that most things with tentacles eat fish?"

"Yes, I'm aware of that," Norman replies, "however, there are some exceptions, and there are some nice vegetarian squid."

"Still, it makes me nervous, and we should leave this reef now. We're not exactly the smallest meal in the world for a squid."

Norman turns away from Wanda and swims away, but from then on out, he looked for the tentacle constantly. He saw it in his dreams, and it was always in his thoughts. When he tried to tell Wanda about it, she simply called him a fool. She would just turn her back on him when he started talking about that tentacle.

Finally, it was too much for him. He couldn't stop thinking about the squid that had the most beautiful blue tentacle Norman had ever seen. He stopped hanging out with Wanda so much and started exploring the reefs by himself which could be a dangerous thing for a fish of his size. He decided that he didn't care as long as he got to see that beautiful tentacle.

One day while exploring a reef, rounding a turn in the coral, he caught a sight of some- thing shimmering in the water. It was there, the thing that he had been looking for all this time! He stared at the tentacle debating whether or not to go up to the owner of that tentacle. He decided to wait a few days and kind of keep track of the tentacle. However he did move closer to get a look at the body of the squid. He got as close as possible, and looked at it. It was as beautiful as

the tentacle. All sleek and shimmering. As he looked it began to move in the opposite direction. So he turned and went the other way as well and went back home.

A few days later, Wanda confronted him about how he was acting. "Norman, what's wrong with you; you're not hanging out with the usual crowd like you usually are, and on top of that, you stopped talking to me as much, she said."

"What's the use of talking to you; you never listen to me anyway whenever I try to tell you the way I feel."

"That's not true."

"Then, why do you swim away every time I start talking about that squid?"

"Nothing is ever going to happen between the two of you anyway because you're a fish and she's a squid."

"How do you know?" I haven't even said anything to her yet."

"Alright, fine! Let's go find her and talk to her, and then we'll see who is in the wrong."

The squid, Maya, lay in the cool waters of her favorite reef, letting all of her tentacles lazily drift along in the current. She also liked this reef because it had the best tasting seaweed, as she was a vegetarian which is why every body liked

her. The other squids thought she was a little weird, but they liked her too. She was almost always in a good mood. On top of that, everybody talked to her. She thought she had a boring life, but every body thought different.

As she lay there in the cool water, she felt something was watching her. She pulled her tentacles closer into her body and rolled over. She never understood the fun in staring at a person. She liked to keep to herself most of the time. She got along with everyone, even though she liked to be alone. The feeling came back that someone was watching her. She decided to leave, but before she could, two fish swam up and stopped in front of her. She looked at them kind of funny. "Have you two been watching me?" She asked. "Hi, my name is Norman; I was kind of watching you. I'm really sorry; I just can't help myself; you're the most beautiful squid I've ever seen. I mean the way the light just shines off your tentacles really fascinates me. By the way, are you a meat eater?"

"First of all, slow down. My name is Maya. I get that all the time from everybody else, and I'm not a fish eater. And you're not such a bad looking fish yourself."

From then on, they began talking, and Norman was surprised at how easy it was to talk

to a beautiful squid. However, he was becoming less and less popular around the reef fish. They began talking about what a bad idea it was for a fish to get too friendly with other aquatic life such as squid. They asked Wanda to talk to him, but she said, "I'm not going to pry into his personal life. I've tried for too long, and it doesn't work any more because he's so in love with this squid." The other fish of the reef started gossiping, and finally, they decided to hold a meeting about his behavior.

Three Months Later

Meanwhile, while all this was going on, Norman had decided to go with Maya to a south reef about fifty miles away. He stayed there for a few days where they talked and made future plans. "You know the other fish don't like me being around you. They talk like you're going to eat their children. They don't know the real you like I do."

"All of my friends think I'm crazy for hanging out with a fish, but you're the only one who makes me feel better about myself."

"Same for me, but something is going to have to happen soon because I can't stay where everybody hates me."

"I know. Maybe we should go to a totally different reef where people accept aquatic, mixed couples," said Maya.

"Why don't we leave in another month or so; I have nothing else to do around here except be hated."

"I'm sorry I did this to you, Norman; I cause problems every time I meet someone new because another someone turns out to like me, and then everyone hates me for not liking him back.

"Hey don't say stuff like that; you mean too much to me. I don't care anyway; if they were my real friends, they wouldn't hold any of this against me."

"You're always there for me, it seems; thanks so much," said Maya.

The fish held a meeting and tried to decide what they were going to do about Norman's behavior. They had heard of it happening before, but it had never happened at this reef. The fish were incredibly scared and offended. Most of them thought that he would sabotage them and convince the other squid to eat them all.

One of the fish, well known by everyone at the reef, swam to the front of the rock where the meeting was being held. "First of all, I'd like to

thank all the people of this reef for coming to this meeting. Secondly, let me tell you the rules. If you would like to speak, raise your fin, and swim to the front of the people. People, I'm scared that a fish that we thought was loyal to our reef has given us all a fright, bringing his squid lover around here, scaring our little fish, and leading to uncomfortable questions such as: Is it safe to go out of our homes and play? Will it eat us if we get too close? Should we talk to Norman any more? What should we do if it attacks us? I don't know what to tell them because the truth is, I'm scared too." One of the other fish, whose name was Marvin, moved to the front, "I don't know what to say to my kids any more. I can't even be sure for my own safety." Another fish shoved his way to the front beside Marvin, "That's all you ever think about is yourself anyway, Marvin. I think you should be kicked out of this meeting."

"I have just as much right as you to be here," Marvin retorted.

"Ladies and gentlemen, lets stop this stupidity; we're all here for the same reason," said one of the head fish who was one of the protectors of the reef. The Protectors of the reef were all lined up against the side of the rock. They all kind of stayed in their own group. "I don't think we should let him continue seeing this big dumb

squid. He causes too many problems for our reef," said one of the guards.

One of the reef fish came to the front and said, "I think we should starve him." Another one said, "I think we should kill him."

"I think we should exile him from the reef."

Wanda swims to the front and begins to tell everyone how this change came over Norman. When she came to the part where he ditched her for a squid, a cry of anger went up from the rest of the fish. "See, if he can ditch one fish, he can betray the rest," said another fish. The head reef fish came back up to the front and said, "There have been many suggestions; however, I think the best punishment is to leave Norman alone and capture the squid instead." A cry of approval arose from the rest of the school.

At this particular moment, a voice said, "What's this meeting about?" The fish gasped; it was Norman. "You," they all said as they surrounded him. Norman looked around in surprise, "I was just coming to say, "Good Bye." I am leaving with Maya, and I don't think I'll be back."

"We don't believe you're going anywhere," said the head reef fish. "All you're going to do is go somewhere else and cause more fish problems; that's all you were meant for, is to cause trouble

between different groups of fish." "No," Norman said looking bewildered. "All I wanted was to be happy with someone."

"Then, how come you didn't choose a fish?" the head reef fish asked. "Does every fish have to love another fish?" All the fish piped up, "Why not love another fish; it makes your life twice as easy."

"Does life have to be easy? That's why I'm leaving this reef forever. You fish think every thing is so simple. You guys don't have to work for anything so you think that a fish has to be just like every one," Norman said.

There was an uproar from all the fish assembled. They gathered around him and started to close in. "As head of this reef, I sentence you to death for endangering this reef, and destructing what fish have worked for so long." Screams started from the back of the crowd while the fish all crowded around Norman. A long, beautiful tentacle was pushing fish aside. Maya yelled, "Norman! They won't take you; I'm here." The head reef fish screamed, "See fish, I knew he would sabotage all of us!" All the other fish carried on and started to scream, "Sabotage! Sabotage!" Norman screamed, "No, let me pass! Let me pass!"

Just then, a loud noise was heard. All the fish were looking around as one of the fish stared at a fishing net coming toward them.

The fish all started to push Norman toward the net. Maya seeing this screamed and started toward the net. The fish let her pass, and she swam into the net with Norman. "Don't leave me! Please!" Norman said. "I won't ever leave you." Maya said, as the fish net rose slowly away, and the fish were watching down below were happy. "There they go for ever," the head fish of the reef said; "We will have quiet times from now on. Never again can this happen as long as I'm alive. Fish who leave our school like that are all back stabbers, and that was the perfect punishment."

The fish never saw Norman and Maya again. Wanda missed him but never let on that she did. Living in shame for not believing Norman, she now understood love and had a family of her own.

Norman, who had passed out in fright, lay on the bottom of a huge salt water tank in an aquarium. He was one of the biggest fish there, about three feet longer than all the other fish who were only like two feet long. One day, a large net came down toward him. There was a man named Bob controlling it, getting fish to feed the squid that he had caught for the aquarium. Norman let himself be caught and taken out of the water. He

didn't really care what happened to him anymore. He missed Maya and had no idea if she was dead or alive. He didn't want to think about it at all. It hurt him too badly to even think like that.

Bob carried the net across the building to the other water tank where all the squid were held. The aquarium only contained three squid.

Norman, lying still in the net looked in utter amazement at his Maya, looking beautiful but sad in the tank. He landed with a splash in the tank. The other squid moved toward him. He knew he had to get to Maya before they ate him. A few other fish were then dropped into the tank, and Norman took off to the bottom where Maya was.

"Hey why are you looking so down?" Norman asked when he got to her. "How many times do I have to tell you the story, you fools; I was taken away from the best thing that ever happened to me, and I was also taken away from my home," she said. "Are you okay? Do you even remember who I am?" he asked. She looked and flung her tentacles around him. "Oh my! How did you get here?"

"They simply wanted me to be squid food."

"I think I can convince them to not eat you maybe," she said. "Please," he said.

She swam toward the top of the tank which took her no time what-so-ever. "This is the fish I was telling you about, guys. The first and only fish I feel in love with." One of the Squid said, "We all have to eat around here."

"Look, all I'm saying is that I never eat any of your fish, so you don't eat one of mine at all, and it's all even," Maya said. "Sure you say you won't eat anything of ours until you get hungry, right?" one of the other squid said.

"No, I don't eat fish; I only eat plants, and plus, you guys will never go hungry. Think of it this way; Norman stays alive, and you guys don't eat him, and people will think it was amazing that a fish stayed alive in a tank full of squid for so long. They'll start throwing other fish in here and testing you guys to see if you'll eat the other fish. You all will, and therefore you guys will feast all the time," Maya pointed out. They looked over at each other. She knew it was going to work. "Well, that will work, won't it?" the other squid both said at the same time.

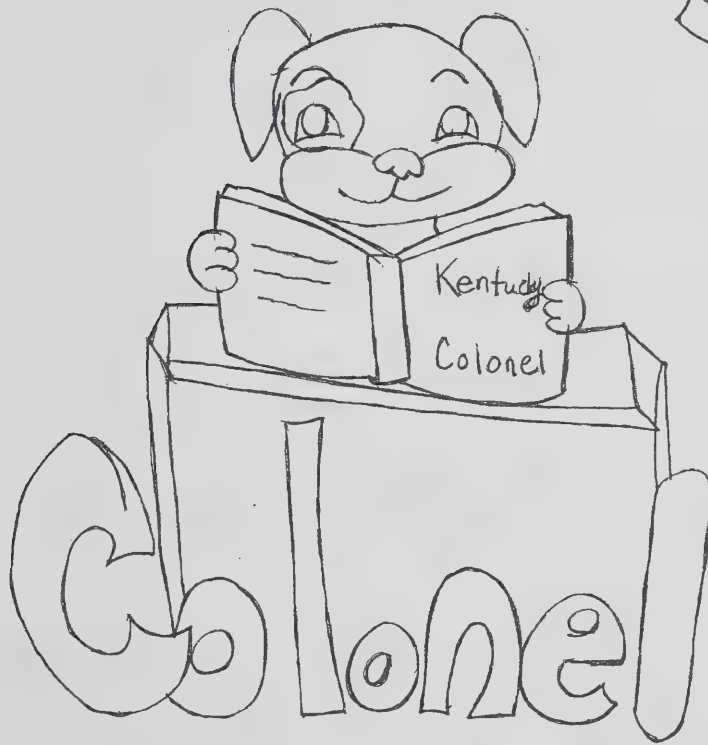
This worked indeed. From then on, people came to see the only fish that stayed alive inside of a squid tank for so many years. The other squid got used to Norman being there, and soon, they started to be cool with him.

Maya and Norman lived in a perfectly normal relationship with only the few arguments that couples have with each other. They were always so happy and their love was so deep that even the tank managers couldn't break it apart. They never were thought of bad again because of their different ways of living and being together.

People who read this story should know that you should never judge how a person looks or how they act until you really get to know them. However, keep in mind that this is a fiction story, and happily ever afters are few and far between. This is because most fish taken up in nets are usually filleted and fried.

The End

Kentucky



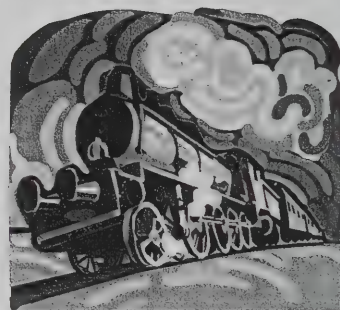
*Brilliant
Bates*

Thomas the Tank Engine

By: Logan Armstrong—Grade K

Thomas is on my train table. I like to flip the switch. I hear the train voooooom. My train goes voom.

Scribe: Ms. Brasher



Sandals

By: Mari Durrett—Grade K

I love sandals 'cause they might make sounds. I like to walk in them. They sound like thunder. I wear 'em on my feet. They make cold on my toes. My sandals have sequins on them. They feel scratchy. They go 'round and 'round on my feet. I really love 'em.

Scribe: Ms. Brasher



The Disney Princesses

By: Taryn Seif—Grade K

I like princesses because they are pretty. My favorite Disney princess is Belle. She has a yellow dress, she has brown hair, she has a yellow ponytail holder. Her dress is shiny.

Some other princesses are: Sleeping Beauty, Ariel, Jasmine, and Snow White. Their dresses look different because of the colors. They all don't have the same shoes because they all match their dresses. I think they all love each other and I feel so happy about them.

Scribe: Ms. Brasher

Game Shows

By: Michael Davis—Grade 1

I watch game shows in the night. I like to watch them. My favorite is Twenty One. They be a winner. Mauri Poepins says, "I would like to ask some questions." Then he says, "You're a winner!" That is my favorite part because I love it.

Scribe: Ms. Brasher

Chipmunks

By: Danielle Hardiman—Grade 1



Chipmunks are real and they can run fast. They can dig holes in the ground. They eat acorns and they play. They have fur and they go back home under the ground.

There are pretend chipmunks too. They can talk and their names are: Alvin, Simon and Theodore. They can sing "Deck the Halls" they have squeaky voices. They got fur.

I have never seen a chipmunk but I'd like to 'cause I could pet 'em.

Scribe: Ms. Brasher

100 Days of School

By: Austin Hall—Grade 1

I came into school and saw balloons in the lobby. It was cool and I wanted one of them. I knew it was the hundredth day of school. I loved the piñata. We got it cracked open and it sprang apart and candy came out. It was a cool time.

Scribe: Ms. Smith

The Circus

By: Shane Lowe—Grade 1

We went to the circus. We got to see the lions. Roar! Grr! We got to see the elephants. Reah! We got to see the monkeys. E! Eee! E! We got to see motorcycles. Vroom! Vroom! We got to have lunch. We had audio descriptors and after the show we got to tell the guy, "Thank You." We enjoyed the circus.

The end

Scribe: Ms. Smith



Zack Gets Ready for School

By: Zack Adams—Grade 2

I got ready for school. First, I got to eat breakfast. I got corn pops. They were good. I brushed my teeth. I got to play. Then I went to school. I been good.

Scribe: Ms. Smith



The Train Ride was Fun
By: Justin Hedges—Grade 2

I went on a train ride. I was in the dining car. There were tables and chairs. I sat with Zack. I sat across from Austin and Shane. Zack and I saw a house and a river from the left side of the train. I heard the whistle. And I got to blow it with the train driver. The train ride was good. I would like to go again sometime.

Scribe: Ms. Smith

Where I'm From
By: Shawn Smith—Grade 4

I am from Paducah, Kentucky.
Where we have a Wal-Mart
Where I get fruit snack.
Where we get some supplies at Michael's
I'm from the Smith family
Where my little brother Preston likes
To jump on the trampoline with me.
Where my big brother Jeremy likes to play
on his computer and watch movies.
Where my Dad likes to watch the news.
Where my Mom likes to talk to me
because she loves me.

Where I'm From

By: Blake Fannin—Grade 4

I am from a place with lots of cars going by.
Where once you're in a peaceful and quiet place
and the next thing you know you hear a Zoom and
it's a vehicle driving by.
I am from a busy road.

I am from a place with a store across the road.
Where you can buy snacks and gum.
My favorite is mint gum.
I am from a place near Donna's Grocery



I am from a hill with a groundhog.
Where we can go sledding in the winter.
Where in the fall we can make a leaf pile
and jump in.
Where when my cousins come to see me
We roll down the hill.

I am from a busy road, grocery store,
and a hill with a groundhog.

Where I'm From
By: Lloyd Hall—Grade 4

I'm from Kentucky Kingdom
Where we ride roller coasters and the soup bowls
Where we watch the dragsters
Where we watch Chang go do loopy-de-loops
up in the sky.
My family likes Kentucky Kingdom a lot.

I am from the Louisville Zoo.
Where we like to see the animals.
Where we got to see giraffes
and other types of animals.
Where we go specially on Thursday night
because the train is free.

I am from Fourth Street.
Where during rush hour traffic it gets
heavier and heavier
Where my Dad has trouble
getting through the traffic.
We are very, very happy when he gets home.

I am from a family.
Where I'm the oldest of a brother and a sister.
Where my Mom and my Dad live.
The rest of my family lives down in Mt. Sterling
where I came from.

I am from roller coasters, trains, a brother
and a sister, and Fourth Street.

I Am From
By: Justin Reagan—Grade 5

I am from a place with two roads.
They are both dead ends
If you go down them you'll have to turn around.
I am from Franklin, Kentucky.

I am from a house with an old time tractor
in the yard.

I am from a house that is for sale.
It has a garage and lots of pine-cone trees

I am from a large family.
With Stepmom, and Mom and Dad
Sisters and brothers
Aunts, Uncles, and cousins
I'm even an uncle to nieces and nephews
Some live in Indiana and some live in Franklin.

I am from Simpson County, Franklin, Kentucky.

Where I am From
By: Damon Boards—Grade 5

I am from Warren County
Where trains come whizzing by at three A.M.
Where my uncle takes us to get groceries at IGA
Where I like to order pepperoni and cheese pizza
at Dominos

I am from the Boards' family
Where my granddad helps me put
my electric scooter together.
Where my brother jumps
on the trampoline with me
Where my Mom plays on the computer with me.

I am from my friends that live around me,
Where Nicki and I like to do front flips
on the trampoline
Where George and I play basketball
Where Shane and I ride bikes together.

I am from the Boards family that lives
in Warren County and my best friends.

Where I'm From
By: Michael Douglas—Grade 5

I am from Washington County way in the country
Where there's a gas station that's close to me
I like to go there and get me a toy

I am from a big yard,
Where I can ride my bike.

Where Me and the girls race on our
bikes

And where Charlotte my puppy chases us
And bites our pants.



I am from a lake that's nearby.
Where we take Harley our dog with us
He is scared to go out in the deep end
But he will get use to it.

I am from a field across our driveway
Where sometimes there are deer.
Where Lanack, our dog, goes into the field
So he can chase the deer.

I am from Washington County, near a lake,
near a field, and near the gas station.
Where I like to ride bikes with my sisters while
Charlotte chases me.

Where We're From
By: Ms. Quaid's Fourth and Fifth Grade
Language Arts Students

We are from the little white house,
Where we can visit the museum,
Where the house is very, very old,
Where the Charitable Foundation is now.
Hush-sh-sh-sh

We are from the amphitheater.
Where it's right up in front of our campus,
Where we can have a play or a concert,
Where we watch the excitement.
Applause, applause

We are from a round cupola,
with a talking box,
Where we can listen to the history,
of our school and this community,
(KSB was founded in 1842.....)

We are from the classroom buildings,
Where we learn abacus and Braille,
Where we learn new technology,
like Braille Note Taker and JAWS.
(dot, dot, dot)

We are from the music building,
Where we learn how to play instruments: guitar,
violin, piano, trumpet, or double string bass.
Strum strum, Eie eie, Plink plink, and Toot toot

We are from the gym and track,
Where we do exercise and swing on a rope
like a monkey,
Where we run on a track holding onto wires,
Where we can run fast and straight,
Where we have Junior Olympics.
Zoom, zoom, zoom

We are from the Pool,
Where we can jump and swim,
Where we can do underwater loop-de-loops,
Where we jump off the diving board.
S-P-L-A-S-H

We are from the playground,
Where we play on slides and monkey bars,
Where we swing on the swing real high,
Where we play tag.
"Watch out! I'll get you."

We are from Kentucky School for the Blind

A Tribute to One of the Best

By Susan Hankins--Teacher

I walk often, several times each day, past this bustling schoolyard. An old woman needs to hear the music of children playing on swings, the merry-go-round, and running after balls. It keeps me alive, their youthful happy voices. I often stop to watch all the activity that abounds from their all too short moments of freedom... recess, the favorite subject of just about all of them. They certainly do bring back memories.

Oh, there's Paul. He can be seen out here every morning. How lucky they are to have Paul. He has taught P.E. for over thirty-five years with no thought of retirement in sight, the perfect example of someone who is making his living doing what he loves, teaching young minds and bodies new knowledge and physical fitness habits that will last lifetimes.

On this early crisp morning before the start of the day, Paul is walking fast, the length of the schoolyard, with Thomas in tow. One time, I stopped to talk to Paul, and he explained to me that sometimes, when children are angry and about to get themselves into trouble, he'll often intervene and walk the angriest one back and forth, until he/she has burned up the extra adrenaline that is rushing through his body,

having a calming effect. All the while, Paul is talking about school rules, consequences, and making better choices. That's Paul, always teaching; sometimes I think he invented the phrase, "a teachable moment."

Paul's a thin, wiry man, looking much younger than his age because of all the walking, running, and his constant commitment to fitness and children. He reminds me of Mr. Rogers, except for the fact that he is always wearing a sweat suit with a whistle around his neck. Paul has been the gym teacher here at Flynn Park Elementary through hundreds of students and many principals. It is difficult to imagine Flynn Park without Paul, but time marches on, and like for me, working full time in such an active setting must one day come to an end.

"Let's go, Mary!" Lindsay screamed, "It's our turn to use the long ropes!" Mary and Artisha ran and quickly picked up the ropes to become the turners. Mary kept time and rhythm with her hands as she waited for the exact moment to enter the spinning rope. Children swarmed like bees everywhere throughout the schoolyard, and some were still entering the playground from the adjoining park and their nearby homes.

Burr Oak Park was gorgeous this time of year. The fall colors of golds and yellows, reds and

oranges, were a profusion that resembled a painting. It was one of the oldest parks in the University City neighborhood, a small but beautiful park, surrounded by old, stately homes including some bungalows that were built back in the 40's. This time of year mimicked the sound of the approaching winter as your feet would trudge through leaves that seemed a foot deep.

Squirrels were quite tame, as they scurried on their mission of gathering nuts for the winter, carefully storing them in cozy nests nestled far in the tops of trees. Occasionally, you would spot the stripe of a chipmunk darting about, possibly being chased by a dog that had escaped its bathrobe clad owner who trudged out to get the Post Dispatch.

University City is a small city amidst the nearby Washington University. Its inhabitants are a diverse array of people, many academics who want to live near their work, doctors and other medical students from all over the world, college students and artsy types, as well as people of all ages and families of all types, including some with children who had the luxury of simply walking to school every day.

Life was no more predictable in University City on the playground of Flynn Park Elementary on this crisp autumn morning than anywhere else.

The girls' jump roping attracted others who patiently waited their turn, hoping to get their chance before the bell would ring the start of another day.



"Eeeeeek!" screamed Mary as she jumped back just in time before being hit by the falling corpse of a familiar friend, a large gray pigeon. Pigeons lined the old brick roof, finding warmth in the many A-frame spaces created at the roof's eaves. Immediately, all the other girls screamed as they too saw the pigeon lying dead, where seconds before, their feet had been skipping the rope. "It's dead!" squealed Mary. Artisha squatted a foot or so from the bird to get a closer look. It was dead all right, no doubt about it. The commotion drew kids who came running from all directions to see, forming a big circle of puzzled faces.

"I wonder what killed it."

"Don't touch it; you can get lice. Birds can carry lice or diseases," said Chris, the teacher assistant. Chris was a young man about twenty years old, working at the school to get some extra money while going to college to become a teacher. Even with Chris' warning, the children drew close and stared sadly at the bird. Again, Chris

admonished, "Get back, and stay away from it until I can get someone out here to get rid of it."

By now, Paul was on the scene with Thomas still in tow. He looked carefully at the bird; then, he looked around at the circle of distraught faces. Standing straight as though making a speech, he announced, "The mark of a good society can be judged by how its citizens honor their dead."

The stillness was broken as Jim and Mitch arrived with a shovel, "Everybody go back to what you were doing. We'll take care of the dead bird and carry it to the dumpster."

Paul's face shown with sheer disbelief and horror as he loudly repeated for all to hear, "The mark of a good society can be judged by how its people honor their dead." Then, he turned to Jim and said, "Give me the shovel and go get a box, and the kids and I will take care of the bird."

Jim and Mitch didn't hesitate to hand over the shovel. Paul's thirty-five years of experience at Flynn Park had earned him the respect of everyone. Mitch quickly returned with a box.

"Thanks," said Paul, "and Chris, go notify the office that we'll be a little later starting today. We have something important out here on the playground to attend to."

With the same kind of conscientiousness and care that he approached everything he did, Paul carefully scooped the bird up off the pavement and placed it in the box. Then, he led a procession of citizens toward the park. Many walked slowly; they seemed to know they were being a part of something somber and respectful.



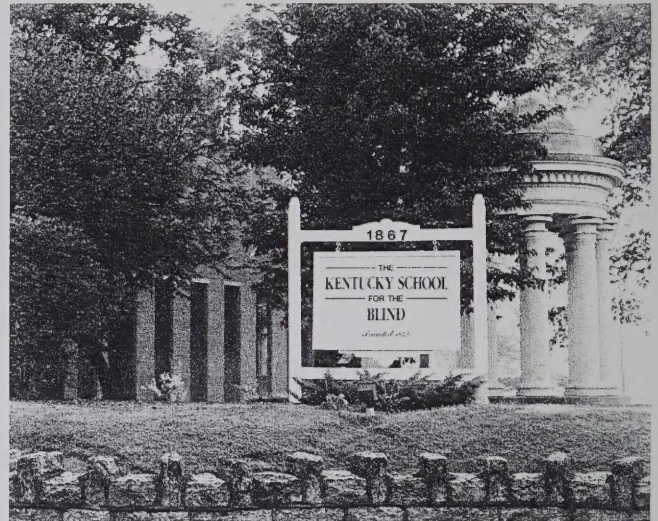
Looking around, Paul chose a spot under a huge oak, a Burr oak. Thomas proudly carried the shovel as directed. Suddenly, Paul stood very straight and repeated again, "The mark of a good society can be judged by how well its citizens honor their dead." He asked Thomas for the shovel and proceeded to break the ground by putting the weight of his lean frame with as much force as he could muster on the shovel with his foot. In silence, he began digging the cold, hard ground. A few boys and girls asked to help dig, and in a few minutes, with Paul's help, they had dug a hole large enough to bury the treasure-filled box. A few ran to find some pretty leaves to place inside the hole along with the soil. When the dead bird was properly buried, Mary and her friends had found a branch of brightly colored Chinese lanterns to decorate the grave. Then, at Paul's (Mr. Adam's) invitation, the children stood for a moment of silence in honor and respect for the passing of one of their schoolyard friends.

Afterwards, everyone filed into the building, a little later than usual, but it was okay because this was important. A member of society had passed and lay dead right in the middle of their before school activities. For Mr. Adams, it was another serendipitous, teachable moment, another time when he was simply living out his life in front of hundreds of young impressionable viewers, modeling for them how good citizens create a good society.

Word spread throughout the neighborhood from the kids who went home and shared the pigeon story with their parents; but, lucky for me, I witnessed it all first hand because I had taken the time and stopped to watch, as I often do, on my morning walk.

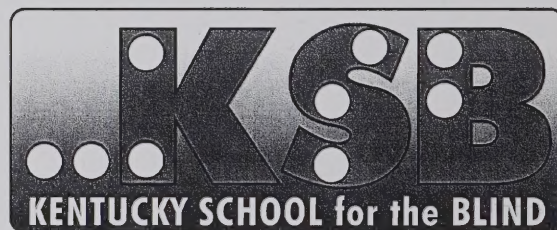
A couple of weeks later, I heard that Flynn Park selected Paul for "Teacher of the Month" for his service to the community, the school, and one gray pigeon. As I walked past the school this morning, I chuckled to myself when I saw the coveted parking space marked with a special sign, "Paul Adams, Teacher of the Month," and in place of a car stood Paul's well-used, blue ten-speed. For Paul, in his humble way, this recognition was just an opportunity for another "teachable moment."

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